

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF

FEAR



NO. 12
APR.



10¢

FEATURING



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



FAMOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO. 12
AUG



200
275
CANADA

FEAR[®]

FEAR

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



GHOSTLY

BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!) EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



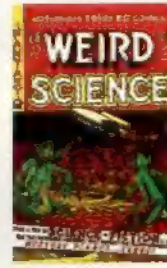
W SCI #3



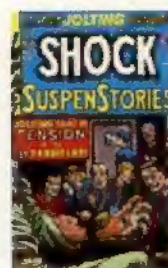
W SCI #4



W SCI #5



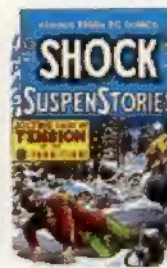
W SCI #6



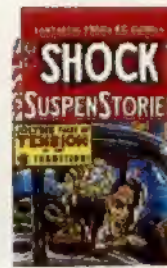
SHOCK #1



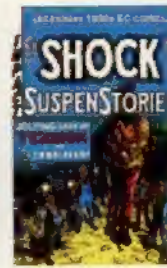
SHOCK #2



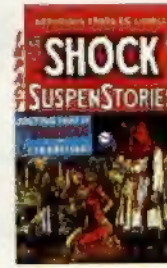
SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE STORY CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR, IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT. THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES. OTHER TITLES IN THE LINE ARE: **HAUNT OF FEAR**, **WEIRD FANTASY**, **TWO-FISTED TALES**, **HAUNT**, **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** AND **CRIME!** THE BACKLIST ON EVERY TITLE REPRESENTS THE SAME ISSUE SPAN AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEE THE AD IN THIS COMIC TO **SUBSCRIBE** TO ANY OR EVERY TITLE!

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE IDENTIFY AS 32-PG TITLE ISSUE #?: FOR EXAMPLE "32PG SHOCK #1." 32PG CRYPT #1, \$3 EACH (SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY); ALL OTHERS UP THRU #3, \$1.50 EACH; ALL TITLES ISSUE #4 AND UP \$2 EACH. INCLUDE \$5 PER ORDER FOR S&H (\$10 OUTSIDE US).

US FUNDS ONLY

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

(formerly RUSS COCHRAN PUBLISHER)

417-256-2224 OR CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

MISSOURI RESIDENTS ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

MARYLAND RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 7.25% SALES TAX (SAN DIEGO COUNTY 7%)

Haunt of Fear (USPS 009308) Vol. 1, No 12, August 1995. Published quarterly in November, February, May and August by Gemstone Publishing, 202 Aid, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO. Entire contents © 1995 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Haunt of Fear #12 © 1952 by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1985 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate \$6 (\$12 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in Canada. Postmaster: send address changes to Haunt of Fear, Gemstone, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! STUBBORN, EH? KEEP COMIN' BACK FOR MORE, EH? WELL, THERE'S PLENTY MORE... SO KEEP COMIN'! BESIDES, MY IDIOT EDITORS JUST GAVE ME A BOOST IN SALARY! IT'S A BOOST OF A RIVAL PUBLISHER! I GET THE REST OF HIS CORPSE NEXT ISSUE! HEE, HEE! YEP, IT'S ME, AGAIN! THE OLD WITCH, MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR... SHIVER-CHEF, CREEP-COOKER, AND ALL THAT SORT OF ROT! C'MON IN! MY CAULDRON'S BOILED OFF TO A GRUD, WAITING FOR YOU! LOOKS LIKE GARBAGE! HEY! THERE'S A YARN! AND I'LL JUST TELL IT TO YOU! IT'S ABOUT A GARBAGE COLLECTOR! SAY, DID YOU GET ANY ST. VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS? WELL, THIS GARBAGE COLLECTOR DID! READY? I CALL THIS HORROR-HELPING...

POETIC JUSTICE!



OLD ABNER ELLIOT STOOD ON THE PORCH OF HIS RAMSHACKLE HOUSE GRINNING DOWN AT THE CHATTERING, GIGGLING GROUP OF CHILDREN BEFORE HIM! HIS WRINKLED EYES WERE GLAZED AND WET AS HE STUDIED THEIR BEAMING FACES...



GOLLY, MR. ELLIOT! THEY'RE JUST LIKE NEW!

THEY'RE SWELL!

YOU FIXED 'EM UP FINE!

GEE! THANKS FOR THE TOYS, MR. ELLIOT!

OLD ABNER ELLIOT WAS A GARBAGE MAN! FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS, HE'D BEEN COLLECTING THE REFUSE OF THE TOWN! HE'D NEVER MADE MUCH MONEY AT IT, BUT HE'D BEEN A HAPPY MAN! THAT IS, UNTIL ABOUT TWO YEARS BEFORE...WHEN ABNER'S WIFE HAD DIED...

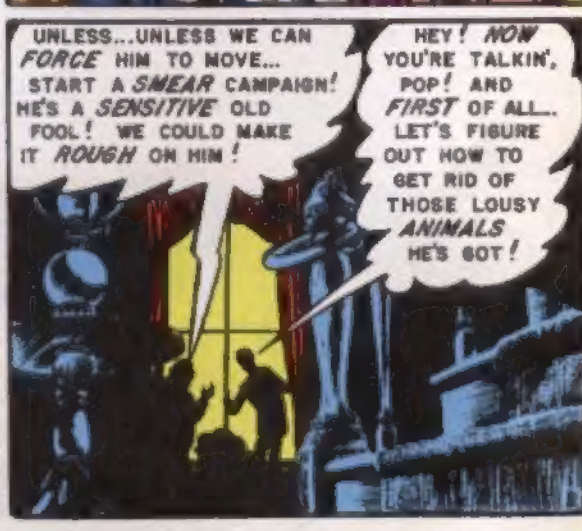
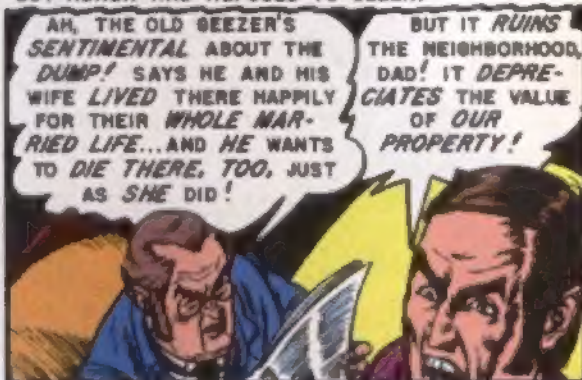


SINCE HIS WIFE'S DEATH, ABNER HAD BEEN LONELY...*VERY* LONELY! SO HE'D STARTED SALVAGING THE BROKEN TOYS HE'D FOUND IN THE REFUSE CANS! HE'D WORKED THROUGHOUT THE YEAR REPAIRING THEM SO THAT HE COULD GIVE THEM TO THE POOR CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS TIME...



DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET FROM ABNER ELLIOT'S RUN-DOWN HOUSE, HENRY BURGUNDY, THE TOWN'S RICHEST MAN, HAD BUILT A LUXURIOUS MODERN HOME FOR HIMSELF AND HIS ONLY HEIR...HIS SPOILED SON, HAROLD...

HENRY BURGUNDY HAD OFFERED ABNER A HANDSOME PRICE FOR HIS DILAPIDATED OLD HOME, BUT ABNER HAD REFUSED TO SELL...



LISTEN TO THOSE BRATS HOWLING AND YELLING!

AND LOOK AT THAT BROKEN-DOWN RAT-TRAP! IT'S AN EYE-SORE! WHY DOESN'T HE SELL OUT, DAD?

WELL, WHAT CAN I DO, SON? I'VE TRIED PULLING STRINGS TO EVICT HIM, BUT HE OWNS THE HOUSE AND LOT...FREE AND CLEAR!

DIRTY OLD SLOB! A GARBAGE MAN, NO LESS! UGH! HOW REVOLTING!

AM, THE OLD GEEZER'S SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THE DUMP! SAYS HE AND HIS WIFE LIVED THERE HAPPILY FOR THEIR WHOLE MARRIED LIFE...AND HE WANTS TO DIE THERE, TOO, JUST AS SHE DID!

BUT IT RUINS THE NEIGHBORHOOD, DAD! IT DEPRECIATES THE VALUE OF OUR PROPERTY!

UNLESS...UNLESS WE CAN FORCE HIM TO MOVE... START A SNEAR CAMPAIGN! HE'S A SENSITIVE OLD FOOL! WE COULD MAKE IT ROUGH ON HIM!

HEY! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', POP! AND FIRST OF ALL... LET'S FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET RID OF THOSE LOUSY ANIMALS HE'S GOT!

IN ABNER'S LONELINESS, HE'D BEGUN TO PICK UP ANY POOR STRAY DOG OR CAT THAT HE'D FOUND SEARCHING OUT FOOD IN THE REFUSE CANS! HE'D TAKEN THEM INTO HIS HOME, FED AND CARED FOR THEM, AND KEPT THEM AS COMPANY TO FILL HIS LONELY HOURS...

HE MUST HAVE SEVEN OR EIGHT DOGS...AND TEN OR ELEVEN CATS!

Y'KNOW HOW HE FEEDS 'EM, DAD? HE COLLECTS SCRAPS FROM HIS GARBAGE TRUCK! HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO FEED ONE OF THOSE STRAYS IF HE HAD TO BUY THE FOOD!

WELL, THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS MAKE HIM GET RID OF THOSE PETS OF HIS!

AND I'LL START A GOSSIP CAMPAIGN! BOY, WE'LL RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN... FAST!

MEANWHILE, ABNER... OBLIVIOUS TO THE INSIDIOUS CAMPAIGN THE BURGUNDYS WERE STARTING, CONTINUED MAKING HIS ROUNDS...

HEY! HERE COMES MR. ELLIOT!

HI, MR. ELLIOT!

HI, KIDS!

KIND HEARTED ABNER NEVER FAILED TO FILL HIS POCKETS WITH CANDY BOUGHT WITH HIS HARD-EARNED MONEY! HE'D PASS IT OUT TO THE CHILDREN AS THEY CROWDED AROUND HIS ANCIENT GARBAGE WAGON...

ANY CANDY TODAY MR. ELLIOT?

HERE YOU ARE, KIDS!

THANKS, MR. ELLIOT!

TO THE FOLKS OF THE TOWN, ABNER AND HIS RATTLETRAP WERE A FRIENDLY AND FAMILIAR SIGHT! EVERYBODY LOVED OLD ABNER ELLIOT...

MORNIN', ABNER! HOW'S BUSINESS TODAY? SMELLY, HUH? HAW, HAW!

HEH, HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, MR. GARDEN!

BUT THE WHEELS OF HATE WERE BEGINNING TO TURN...

SORRY, MR. BURGUNDY! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT! MAYBE IF THE FOLKS AROUND TOWN WANTED A LICENSING LAW PASSED...

DOG AND CAT LICENSES, EH? SAY, THAT'D DO IT! HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY THOSE!

AND SO, ON GOLD JANUARY NIGHTS...

HOW'S THAT, DAD?

DIG 'EM UP MORE! OLD MAN BAKER WILL BE STEAMING! THOSE ARE HIS PRIZE ROSE BUSHES!

THE DIGGINGS IN THE VARIOUS GARDENS AROUND TOWN WERE BLAMED ON...

ABNER ELLIOT'S MUTTS, MR. BAKER! THEY MUSTA DONE IT! WE OUGHT TO MAKE HIM GET RID OF 'EM!

MY PRIZE ROSES! RUINED! YOU'RE RIGHT, HAROLD!

LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE TOWNS-FOLK WHOSE GARDENS HAD BEEN DESTROYED WERE AROUSED...

HE'S GOT TO GET RID OF THOSE STRAY MONGRELS! THE ONLY WAY!

THEN LET'S MAKE THE TOWN BOARD A LICENSE LAW! PASS ONE!

AND SO...

YES, OFFICER?

IT'S ABOUT YOUR DOGS AND CATS, MR. ELLIOT! YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY LICENSES FOR 'EM, OR THEY GO TO THE POUND! IT'S A NEW LAW!

LICENSES? HOW... HOW MUCH ARE THEY?

TWO-FIFTY A PIECE, MR. ELLIOT! THAT ADDS UP TO AN AWFUL LOT FOR YOUR MENAGERIE!

IT WAS A SAD DAY FOR ABNER ELLIOT WHEN THEY CAME AND TOOK HIS PETS AWAY! ELEVEN CATS AND TEN DOGS WOULD HAVE COST THE POOR OLD MAN MORE THAN FIFTY DOLLARS! HE JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY...

THERE THEY GO! POP! HEH, HEH! HE'S ONLY KEPT ONE!

WHEN I'M THROUGH, SON, HE WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO AFFORD THAT ONE!

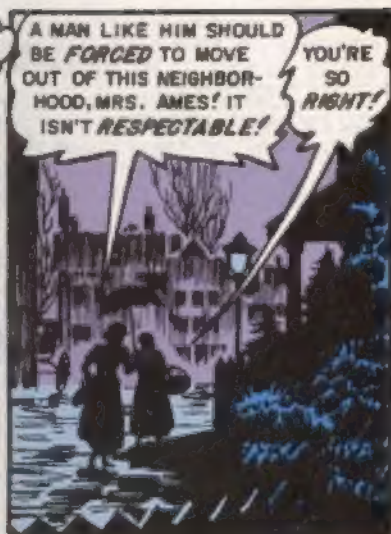
HENRY BURGUNDY WENT TO SEE AN ACQUAINTANCE IN A NEIGHBORING TOWN...

SO YOU WANT ME TO START A GARBAGE COLLECTING SERVICE IN COMPETITION WITH ABNER ELLIOT, EH, HENRY?

THAT'S RIGHT, FRED! I WANT TO PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS! YOU CUT HIS PRICE IN HALF!

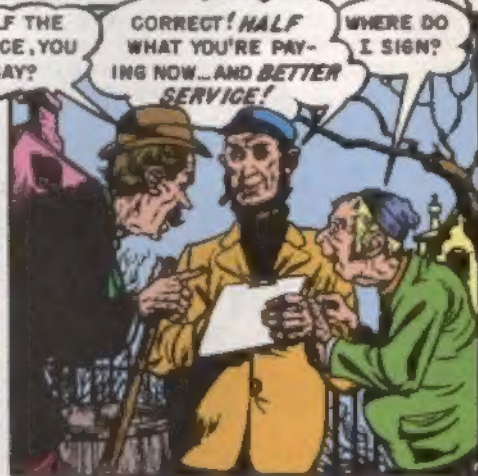
I CAN'T DO IT, HENRY! I'D LOSE MONEY!

DON'T WORRY, FRED! I'LL MAKE UP FOR WHAT YOU LOSE, AND YOU'LL BE SURE TO SHOW A HANDSOME PROFIT, BESIDES! I'LL PAY YOU OUT OF MY OWN POCKET! BUT KEEP THIS QUIET, EH?



AND WHEN ONE OF THE CHILDREN BECAME SERIOUSLY ILL, THE BURGUNDYS JUMPED AT THE CHANCE.

THEN FRED AMSTERDAM MOVED IN...BACKED BY OLD MAN BURGUNDY...



THE WHEELS OF HATE WERE SPINNING FASTER NOW...



AND SO, HIS PETS GONE...THE CHILDREN NO LONGER COMING TO SEE HIM...HIS BUSINESS WIPED OUT... PEOPLE REFUSING TO TALK TO HIM, ABNER ELLIOT WITHDREW INTO THE LONELINESS OF HIS DREARY, RUN-DOWN HOME...



BUT AS FEBRUARY ROLLED AROUND, THE BURGUNDYS PREPARED TO POUR SALT INTO ABNER ELLIOT'S GAPING WOUNDS...

LISTEN, SON! GET THIS! I BOUGHT THIS VALENTINE FOR OLD MAN ELLIOT! 'NOISY ARE CHILDREN...LOUD IS A BELL! PUNGENT IS PERFUME... BUT YOU JUST SMELL...FROM GARBAGE!' HAW, HAW! I ADDED THAT LAST CRACK!

HEY! THAT'S TERRIFIC, DAD! I GOTTA GET ME ONE!

I HAVE AN IDEA, SON! I KNOW WHERE I CAN BUY A WHOLE CARLOAD OF THESE INSULTING VALENTINES! IF WE COULD GET EVERYONE IN TOWN TO SEND OLD MAN ELLIOT ONE...

...HE'D MOVE OUT, SURE! WE COULD BUY HIS PROPERTY CHEAP! LET'S GET 'EM AND PASS 'EM OUT!

AND SO, AS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY NEARED...

HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, MR. BAKER! MAKE SURE YOU MAIL IT OUT, EH?

EEH, EEN! THIS ONE'S A LULU, HENRY! 'FIFTEEN AND FIFTEEN MAKE THIRTY! YOUNG GALS ARE AWFULLY PURTY! BUT ON VALENTINE'S DAY ALL I WANT TO SAY IS YOU ARE DISGUSTINGLY DIRTY!' EEH, EEN!

MR. BURGUNDY AND HIS SPOILED SON HAROLD PASSED OUT THE HEART-BREAKING CARDS TO THE WHOLE TOWN.

LISTEN TO THE CARD I GOT FOR OLD MAN ELLIOT, MARTHA! 'A TREE IS BEAUTIFUL, IF ITS OWNER PRUNES IT! BUT OUR TOWN ISN'T, 'CAUSE YOUR HOUSE RUINS IT!' HAH, HAH! ISN'T THAT SOMETHIN'?

ON ST. VALENTINE'S EVE, STAMPS WERE LICKED AND ENVELOPES SEALED...

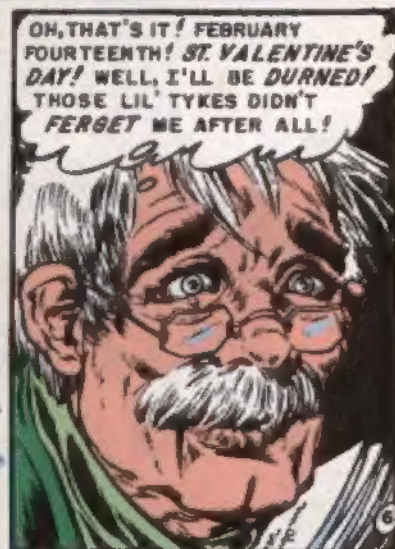
HI, ED! NICE NIGHT!

YEAH, TO MAIL ST. VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS! HEH, HEH!

AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

LOOK AT THIS BOY! A WHOLE STACK O' MAIL! HOW COME? WHAT'S TODAY?

OH, THAT'S IT! FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH! ST. VALENTINE'S DAY! WELL, I'LL BE DURNED! THOSE LIL' TYKES DIDN'T FORGET ME AFTER ALL!



THEN, ONE BY ONE, OLD ABNER ELLIOT OPENED AND READ THE VICIOUS, SHAMEFUL CARDS...

'S...S...SOME PEOPLE LIVE IN THE COUNTRY!
S...S...SOME...PEOPLE...SOB...LIVE IN TOWN!
WHY...DON'T YOU...DO US A...SOB...FAVOR!
J...JUMP IN THE...R...RIVER...AND...SOB...SOB...



FOR WEEKS AFTER ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, NO ONE SAW HIDE NOR HAIR OF ABNER ELLIOT...

MAYBE HE LEFT
TOWN. POP? WENT
AWAY...?

THEN I'LL BUY UP
HIS HOUSE FOR BACK
TAXES...HEH!
HEH!



SO THEY BROKE INTO ABNER ELLIOT'S HOUSE! ONLY IT SURPRISED THEM! IT *WASN'T* INFESTED WITH RATS...AND IT *WASN'T* FILTHY AND DIRTY...

WHY, ITS...IT'S ALL
NEAT AND ORDERLY!

SPIC AND SPAN,
'CEPT FOR SOME DUST
ON THE POLISHED
TABLES!



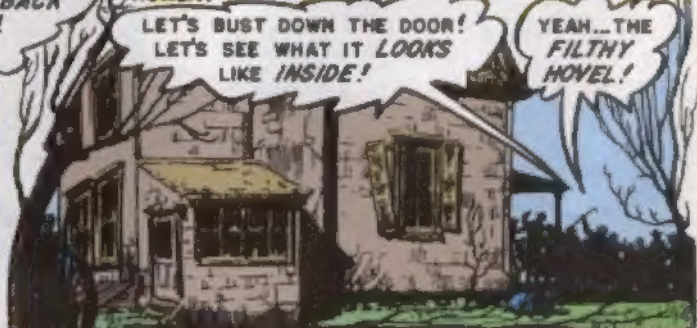
'SOME...FOLKS...ARE BORN TO MAKE MONEY...
OTHERS...TO KILL...AND TO...ROB!
I WAS...BORN FOR ONE PURPOSE...
TO CALL YOU...A...DIRTY OLD...SLOB...
SNIFF...SNIFF...



FINALLY, AFTER TWO MONTHS HAD PASSED, CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF THE TOWNSFOLK! THEY MILLED AROUND ABNER ELLIOT'S RUN-DOWN HOME...

LET'S BUST DOWN THE DOOR!
LET'S SEE WHAT IT LOOKS
LIKE *INSIDE*!

YEAH...THE
FILTHY
HOVEL!



YES, ABNER ELLIOT'S HOUSE SURPRISED THE TOWNSPEOPLE...*REALLY* SURPRISED THEM! EVERYTHING WAS IN ITS PLACE...EVERYTHING WAS CLEAN...SPOTLESS! ONLY ONE THING MARRED THE ORDERLINESS...ONLY ONE THING WAS OUT OF PLACE...ABNER'S TWO-MONTH-OLD CORPSE...*HANGING IN THE PARLOR*...

HE...HE'S DEAD!

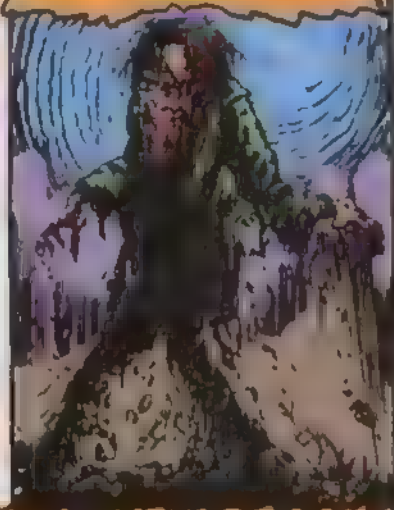
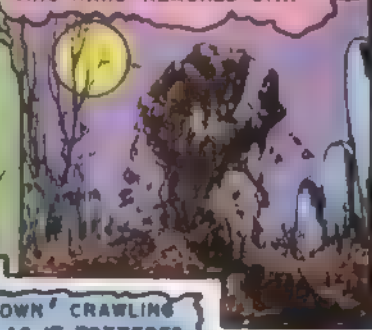
...KILLED
HIMSELF!



NOW, NOW, KIDDIES! DON'T PEEK AT THE ENDING! RELAX AND ENJOY IT! DON'T WORRY! I'M AS MAD AT HENRY BURGUNDY AND HIS SON AS YOU ARE! WE WON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS. OR RATHER, **ABNER WON'T!** BUT IT TOOK HIM ALMOST A YEAR! LET'S SEE! IT WAS A YEAR... A WHOLE YEAR AFTER ABNER KILLED HIMSELF!

THEY BURIED HIM IN POTTER'S FIELD, JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN! ON THE EVE OF FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH, JUST AS THE TOWN STEEPLE-BELL TOLLED MIDNIGHT ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ABNER'S SUICIDE, A STRANGE THING HAPPENED! THE SOIL ON ABNER'S GRAVE CRACKED OPEN! A FETID ROTTING HAND REACHED UP...

ANOTHER FOLLOWED! THE THING PUSHED UP INTO THE BRISK WINTER AIR! IT GOT TO ITS FEET, SWAYING UNCERTAINLY...



THEN IT STUMBLED OFF TOWARD TOWN! CRAWLING CLOUDS OF GRAVE MUD FELL AWAY AS IT TOTTERED ALONG! BITS OF MUDDY, MOULDY, FOUL-SMELLING FLESH DROPPED IN ITS PATH! IT SEEMED TO KNOW... TO *SENSE* WHERE IT WAS GOING...



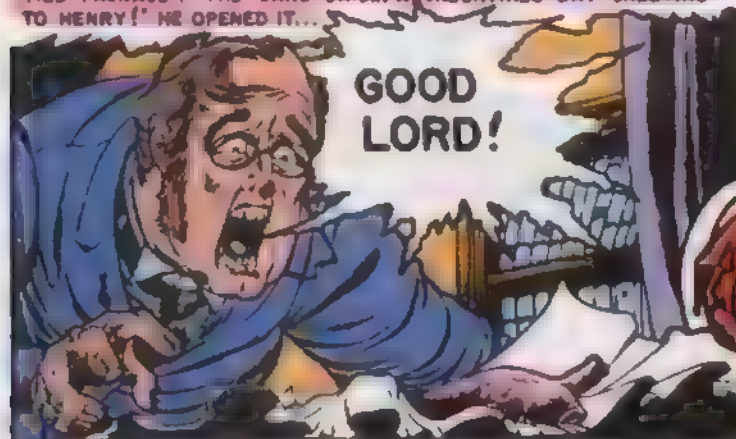
HAROLD BURGUNDY WAS ADDRESSING ST. VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS, WHEN THE THING CAME IN! THEY WERE LEFT-OVERS FROM THE PREVIOUS YEAR! HAROLD SPUN AROUND AS THE SEARING STENCH BURNED HIS NOSTRILS...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!



IN THE MORNING, OLD HENRY BURGUNDY LOOKED FOR HAROLD, AND COULDN'T FIND HIM! BUT IN HIS ROOM, HE FOUND A NEATLY-TIED PACKAGE! THE CARD SAID... A VALENTINE'S DAY GREETING TO HENRY! HE OPENED IT...

GOOD LORD!



YEP, KIDDIES, HAROLD'S HEART WAS IN THE NEAT LITTLE PACKAGE, ALL **BLOODY** AND **STICKY!** WELL, DON'T LOOK SO **SHOCKED!** THAT'S WHAT YOU SEND ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, ISN'T IT? HEARTS? WHA...? NOT REAL ONES? GULP! AN I'VE BEEN DOIN' IT FOR YEARS! NO WONDER I'M NOT POPULAR! NOW... IF YOU CAN STILL HOLD THE CRUMMY MAB... TURN TO THE VAULT-KEEPER! HE'S GOT HIS OWN YARN TO TATTOO! 'BYE! SEE YOU LATER!

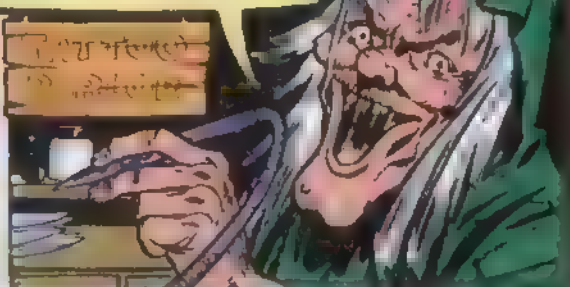


-THE END-

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S THE VAULT-KEEPER AGAIN... YOUR HOST IN HORROR! ALL READY TO HAVE YOUR WITS SCARED OUT OF YOU? OH? ONLY *HALF-READY*, EH? WELL, COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR AND SIT YOURSELF DOWN ON THAT CORPSE OVER THERE! UM...UM! BE CAREFUL! DON'T SIT ON HIS CHEST! THE TATTOO ISN'T DRY YET! OH, I'M PRACTICING TO BE A TATTOO ARTIST! CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL! THEY SAID IT WAS A *STIFF COURSE*! GUESS I WAS *INSPIRED* BY THE TALE I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU! I CALL IT...

...ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST!



STEVEN ANDERSON, THE WEALTHY STEAMSHIP LINE OWNER, LEANED OUT THE DOORWAY OF HIS EXPENSIVELY TILED BATHROOM AND CALLED TO HIS YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE WIFE...

HELEN! THE PHONE'S RINGING! ANSWER IT, HUNNY! I'M SHAVING!

I CAN'T, STEVE! BE A DOLL AND ANSWER IT YOURSELF! I'M DRESSING!



JOHN CRAIG

MR. ANDERSON WIPED THE SHAVING CREAM FROM HIS FACE AND HURRIED THROUGH HIS SPACIOUS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT TO THE JINGLING PHONE! THE MANY TATTOOS HE'D OBTAINED YEARS BEFORE GLEAMED ON HIS NOW SAGGING MUSCLES...

STEVE ANDERSON...ONE-TIME SEAMAN WHO'D WORKED HIMSELF UP TO SHIP'S CAPTAIN, THEN SHIP OWNER, THEN OWNER OF A FLEET OF CARGO BOATS...SHOUTED WITH GLEE INTO THE BLACK PHONE HE HELD IN HIS HUGE FIST...

SURPRISE ME?
YOU ~~SHOULD~~ KNOW ME OVER WITH A FEATHER! C'MON OVER! YOU MUST MEET HELEN, MY WIFE! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN? LORD! FOUR YEARS, NOW! OKAY? GOOD! WE'LL SEE YOU IN AN HOUR, THEN!

STEVE!
WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE VANDERHORNS!

M...HELLO? **STEVE?** I JUST GOT BACK TO THE STATES! THIS IS LARRY!

LARRY! YOU SON-OF-A-GUN! WHY DON'T YOU LET A GUY KNOW WHEN HIS KID BROTHER'S COMING HOME?

I THOUGHT I'D SURPRISE YOU, STEVE!

MR. ANDERSON HUNG UP AND TURNED TO HIS WIFE! A BROAD GRIN COVERED HIS ONCE SWARTHY FACE...

CANCEL IT, HELEN! THAT WAS MY KID BROTHER LARRY! HE JUST GOT IN! I WANT YOU TO MEET HIM! YOU'LL LOVE HIM! SEE! FOUR YEARS! I WONDER IF HE'S CHANGED MUCH!

BUT, STEVE! THE VANDERHORNS ARE VERY IMPORTANT PEOPLE! COULDN'T YOUR BROTHER WAIT TILL WE GOT HOME?

NONSENSE! NO ONE'S AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS LARRY! SEE THIS TATTOO HERE? I GOT THIS IN SUMATRA THE DAY LARRY...

I KNOW! I KNOW! YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THOSE UGLY THINGS... A HUNDRED TIMES! WHAT CAN I TELL THE VANDERHORNS?

AW, BABY! DON'T BE ANGRY! WAIT'LL YOU MEET LARRY! YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL BE CRAZY ABOUT HIM! I FEEL LIKE A FATHER TO THAT KID! I PUT HIM THROUGH SCHOOL...

DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO FINISH SHAVING AND GET DRESSED, STEVE?

HUM? OH! YEAH! OKAY! YOU CALL THE VANDERHORNS AND MAKE OUR APOLOGIES, EH, HELEN?

ALL RIGHT, STEVE!

DRAT IT! GIVING UP A SOCIAL EVENING WITH THEM TO WELCOME HIS GRIMY SAILOR BROTHER...

HEH, HEH! WELL KIDDIES, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT A RAVISHING BEAUTY LIKE HELEN SAW IN A BIG OLD SLOD LIKE STEVE, EH? IT'S SIMPLE! SHE MARRIED HIM FOR HIS DOUGH! SHE'D NEVER BEEN SORRY EITHER, EXCEPT WHEN THE OLD TAR STARTED SPOUTIN' OFF ABOUT WHERE AND WHEN HE GOT EACH OF HIS TATTOOS! SHE'D NEVER BEEN SORRY THAT IS... UNTIL THAT NIGHT! AH! BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY...



LATER, THE FRONT DOOR CHIMES ANNOUNCED LARRY'S ARRIVAL! HELEN WENT TO LET HIM IN! AS SHE OPENED THE DOOR...



GASP...

HI! WHO ARE YOU? I'M LARRY ANDERSON! IS STEVE... OR HIS WIFE... HERE?

I... I'M HELEN! I'M STEVE'S WIFE!

Y... YOU? OH! I... I'M SORRY! I THAT IS... I NEVER EXPECTED SUCH A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL... WOMAN!



WHY... THANK YOU FOR THE SWEET COMPLIMENTS, LARRY! COME IN! STEVE'S DRESSING!

MY BROTHER SURPRISES ME, HELEN! I MUST SAY I ADMIRE HIS TASTE! FRANKLY... I NEVER THOUGHT HE HAD IT IN HIM...

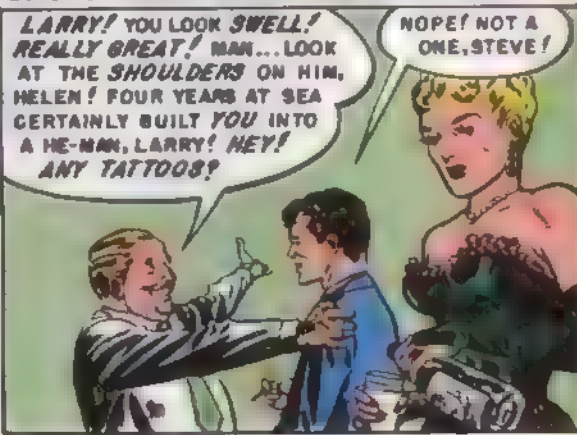
LARRY!



STEVE BURST INTO THE ROOM... HIS BOOMING VOICE ECHOING THROUGH THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

LARRY! YOU LOOK SWELL! REALLY GREAT! MAN... LOOK AT THE SHOULDERS ON HIM, HELEN! FOUR YEARS AT SEA CERTAINLY BUILT YOU INTO A HE-MAN, LARRY! HEY! ANY TATTOOS?

NOPE! NOT A ONE, STEVE!



NO TATTOOS? WHAT KIND OF A SAILOR ARE YOU? WHY WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I HAD FOUR ALREADY! ONE FOR EVERY TRIP...

WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK, LARRY?

OKAY, HELEN! SAY! DID YOU EVER PUT ONE ON YOUR CHEST, STEVE? I REMEMBER YOU WERE SAYING THAT SPOT!



THAT'S RIGHT! AN I'M STILL SAVING IT! A REALLY SPECIAL TATTOO'S GONNA GO THERE! SOMETHING... REALLY... EXCEPTIONAL! I DON'T KNOW WHAT, BUT SOMEDAY... BEFORE I DIE... I'LL HAVE IT DONE!

TELL US ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES AT SEA, LARRY! I'D LOVE TO HEAR THEM!

AW, THEY'D BE OLD HAT TO STEVE! HOW ABOUT GOIN' OUT AND DOIN' THE TOWN?



SO STEVE TOOK HELEN AND LARRY OUT ON THE TOWN! HE WAS **REALLY** HAPPY. STEVE WAS! PROUD OF HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, AND PROUD OF HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE! HE WAS CONTENT TO SIT AT A NIGHT-CLUB TABLE AND WATCH THEM DANCE TOGETHER...AND DRINK...AND WATCH...AND... DRINK...AN...WASH... AN... HIC...

STEVE'S DRINKING A LOT, LARRY! I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM HOME!

AFTER THIS DANCE, HELEN! BUT WHY ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT HIM, ANYWAY? YOU DON'T LOVE HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? OF COURSE I...

DON'T KID ME, HELEN! I SEE THE CONTEMPT YOU HAVE FOR HIM! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES! YOU MARRIED HIM FOR HIS MONEY. DIDN'T YOU?

NOW DARE YOU...

I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY, HELEN! YOU'RE A **GORGEOUS** KID! YOU COULD HAVE HOOKED SOME HANDSOME BRUTE EASILY! AND STEVE'S NO PRIZE PACKAGE! I KNOW HIM! I'M SURPRISED YOU'VE TOLERATED HIM AS LONG AS YOU HAVE! HE MUST DOMINATE YOU THE WAY HE'S ALWAYS DOMINATED ME! I... HATE HIM, MYSELF!

HELEN BROKE AWAY FROM LARRY AND ELBOWED HER WAY ACROSS THE DANCE FLOOR TO THE TABLE WHERE STEVE SAT DRINKING IDIOTICALLY AT AN EMPTY HIGHBALL GLASS...

COME ON, STEVE! WE'RE GOING HOME!

WASHA MATTER? ISH EARLY! DONCHA LIKE THISH PLASHE? LESH GO TO ANOJER PLASHE! THE SHOW HERE STINKSH. ANYHOOD...

HELEN HELPED STEVE TO HIS FEET AND GUIDED HIM OUT OF THE SMOKE-FILLED CLUB! LARRY CAUGHT UP WITH THEM OUTSIDE! HE TOOK STEVE'S OTHER ARM! HELEN GLARED AT LARRY ANGRILY! HE SMILED BACK AT HER...

I'M **SHO** HAPPY! MY **BEOOTIFUL** WIFE...AN' MY **KID** BRUDDER! I'M **HAPPY!**

WHERE WE GOIN' NOW? NUH? LESH GO DOWNA BLOCK T' NOTHER PLASHE I KNOW...DOWNA...

NO, STEVE! YOU'RE GOING HOME!

THEY STAGGERED ALONG THE DARK STREET... THE THREE OF THEM! SUDDENLY, STEVEN ANDERSON STIFFENED! HIS FACE LIT UP...

WHAT IS IT, STEVEN? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

LOOKA THAT! A TATTOO SHOP! I NEVER SHAW THAT PLASHE BEFORE! THASH IT! THASH IT!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, STEVE?

STEVE STUMBLED ACROSS THE DESERTED STREET TO THE DARK LITTLE SHOP WITH THE TINY LIGHT GLIMMERING IN THE WINDOW.

NOW I KNOW WHAT TATTOO I WANT FOR THAT SPESHUL SPOT ON MY CHESH!

STEVEN! COME BACK!

THE DOOR TO THE SHOP SQUEEKED OPEN AND A BELL TINKLED IN THE BACK! A SMALL, QUEER MAN GRINNED AT STEVEN! LARRY AND HELEN GAME IN BEHIND HIM...

YES, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

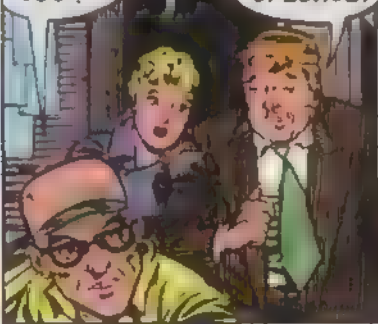
STEVEN! PLEASE!

I WANNA TATTOO! SOMETHIN' SPESHUL!

STEVE EXPLAINED WHAT HE WANTED TO THE WEIRD LITTLE MAN...

I WAN MY WIFE ON ONE SHIDE... ME INNA MIDDLE... AND MY KID BRUD- DER ONNA OTHER SHIDE... RIGHT HERE! ARM IN ARM... ALL OF USH!

AS YOU WISH, SIR!



IT TOOK THE STRANGE TATTOO MAN TWO HOURS TO COMPLETE HIS WORK OF ART! WHEN HE WAS FINISHED, THREE HAPPY FIGURES ADORDED STEVEN'S CHEST...

THREE YOU ARE, SIR!

PERFECT! JUSH WHAT I WANTED! WHADAYA THINK, HELEN... LARRY?

VERY NICE! NOW LET'S GO HOME!



STEVE WAS OUT ON HIS FEET WHEN HELEN AND LARRY GOT HIM TO THE APARTMENT! THEY PUT HIM TO SLEEP! THEM...

YOU MIGHT AS WELL STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT, LARRY!

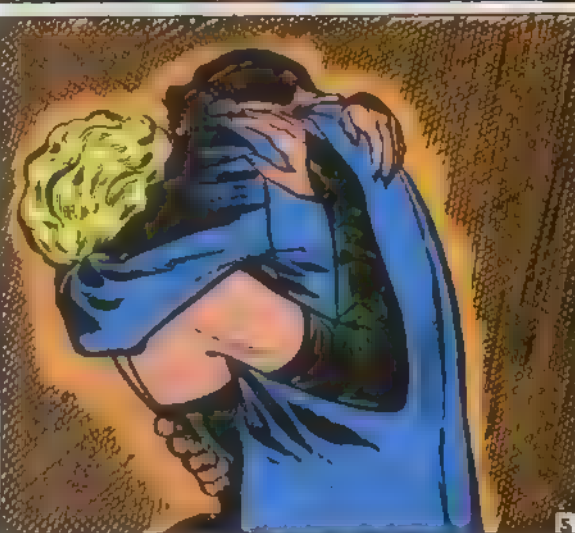
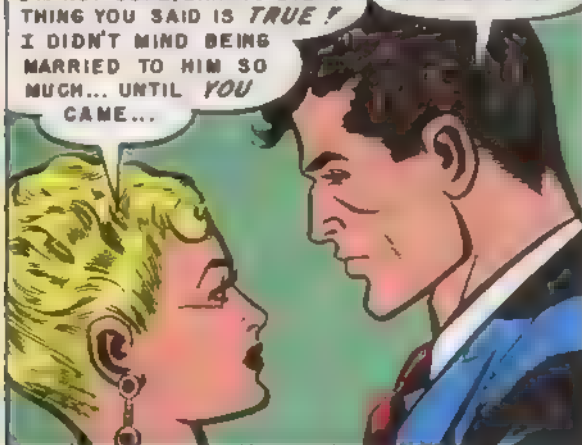
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SORE AT ME FOR WHAT I SAID WHILE WE WERE DANCING, HELEN!



HELEN MOVED CLOSE TO LARRY...LOOKING UP AT HIM...

I'M NOT SORE, LARRY! EVERY- THING YOU SAID IS TRUE! I DIDN'T MIND BEING MARRIED TO HIM SO MUCH... UNTIL YOU CAME...

C'MERE - BABY!



HEH, HEH! SO LARRY 'CALLED HELEN'S NUMBER', AND SHE **ANSWERED!** THEIR LOVE AFFAIR GREW WARMER AND WARMER! WHENEVER STEVEN WASN'T AROUND, THEY WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS! STEVE, OF COURSE, NEVER SUSPECTED! HE WAS **SO HAPPY!** FINALLY, THINGS REACHED THE BOILING POINT...

NO, LARRY! I WON'T DIVORCE STEVE TO MARRY YOU! HE'D THROW YOU OUT OF THE STEAMSHIP LINE... BLACK-BALL YOU! WE'D LIVE LIKE **PAUPERS!**

BUT, WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, HELEN! STEVE MIGHT FIND OUT! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY... A WAY TO GET RID OF HIM AND STILL GET HIS **DOUGH!**

YOU MEAN, **MURDER HIM...** DON'T YOU?

EXACTLY! IT COULD LOOK LIKE AN **ACCIDENT!** HE COULD **'SLIP AND FALL'** WHILE TAKING A BATH... AND **SMASH HIS SKULL ON THE TILE FLOOR!**

AT FIRST HELEN WAS APPALLED AT THE IDEA OF KILLING HER HUSBAND, BUT LARRY EASILY CONVINCED HER THAT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY! SO THE PLANS WERE MADE...

OH! LARRY! COME IN! I WAS JUST GOING TO TAKE A BATH! HAND ME THE SOAP, HUH?

SURE, STEVE, SURE!

SUDDENLY LARRY SPRUNG FORWARD! HE LOCKED HIS ARMS AROUND STEVEN'S CHEST, PINNING STEVEN'S HANDS BEHIND HIM...

LARRY! WHAT THE...? WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING?

ALL RIGHT, HELEN!

HOLD HIM, LARRY! HOLD HIM!

STEVE STRUGGLED TO FREE HIMSELF, BUT LARRY HELD HIM FAST! HELEN BROUGHT THE HEAVY CLUB DOWN ON STEVE'S SKULL AGAIN AND AGAIN. FINALLY THE FLABBY SHIP-LINE OWNER WENT LIMP... HIS HEAD A SOBBY, DOZING MASS OF RED...

THAT'S ENOUGH, HELEN! THAT'S ENOUGH! HE'S DEAD!

GASP... GASP... JUST ONE MORE... JUST ONE...

LARRY LET HIS BROTHER SLIP TO THE BLOOD-SPATTERED TILE FLOOR! HE SNATCHED THE CLUB FROM HELEN'S HAND AND HURRIED DOWN TO THE CELLAR WITH IT! HE TOSSED IT INTO THE ROARING FURNACE AND WATCHED IT BURN TO A CRISP! THEN HE WENT BACK UPSTAIRS AND PHONED THE POLICE...

THIS IS LARRY ANDERSON! I'M CALLING FROM MY BROTHER'S APARTMENT! YOU'D BETTER COME **QUICKLY!** THERE'S BEEN A **TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!**

EEEEEE
EEEEEE

HELEN'S HORRIFIED SHRIEK ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE! LARRY FINISHED GIVING THE POLICE THE INFORMATION... THAT STEVE HAD SLIPPED AND FALLEN WHILE TAKING A BATH! THEN HE HUNG UP AND RUSHED TO THE BATHROOM...

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU SCREAMING ABOUT? THE COPS ARE ON THEIR WAY! DID YOU TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING...?

LOOK! LOOK AT HIS CHEST!



GOOD LORD! GET ME SOME ACID... QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT OFF! HURRY!

YOU GOT ME INTO THIS! THIS WAS ALL YOUR IDEA! IT'S YOUR FAULT IF WE GET CAUGHT! WELL... I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THE BLAME! I CAN SAY YOU DID IT!



HELEN! PUT DOWN THAT GUN! YOU'RE MAD! HIS CHEST! THE COPS...

I'LL GET IT OFF MYSELF... AFTER I'VE KILLED YOU IN 'SELF DEFENSE'!

THE TINY PISTOL IN HELEN'S HAND BARKED TWICE... AND LARRY CRUMPLED FORWARD, FACE DOWN, TO THE TILE FLOOR...

...AND I'LL STILL HAVE STEVE'S DOUGH!



BUT WHEN THE POLICE CAME, THEY FOUND HELEN SITTING BESIDE STEVE'S BODY... SURROUNDED BY ACIDS, AMMONIA, BLEACHES, AND BAKING SODA! SHE WAS BABBLING INCOHERENTLY...

SHE'S... OFF HER ROCKER! COMPLETELY OUT OF HER MIND!

SHE'S TRYING TO REMOVE THIS OLD GUY'S TATTOO! HEY! LOOK AT IT, BURT!



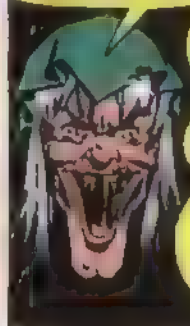
THE TATTOO ON STEVE'S CHEST HAD CHANGED! IT NO LONGER DEPICTED THE THREE OF THEM ARM IN ARM! INSTEAD, IT SHOWED LARRY HOLDING STEVE FAST, WHILE HELEN STRUCK HIM WITH A CLUB! AND ON THE CHEST OF THE TATTOOED FIGURE OF STEVE WAS A TINY TATTOO! IT SHOWED LARRY HOLDING STEVE FAST, WHILE HELEN STRUCK HIM WITH A CLUB! AND ON THE CHEST...



THE END

HEH, HEH! A PICTURE IN A PICTURE... AND SO ON, EH, KIDDIES? THE FUNNY THING ABOUT IT ALL WAS THAT HELEN COULDN'T RUB OUT THE TATTOO AFTER SHE'D RUBBED OUT LARRY AND STEVE! WHICH JUST GOES TO PROVE THAT THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD!

OR IS IT A NEEDLE A TATTOO ARTIST USES? OH, WELL! I NEVER WAS A STIGLER FOR DETAIL, SO DON'T PIN ME DOWN! 'BYE, NOW! NEXT COMES... YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION... THE TEXT! AW... GO AHEAD! READ IT!



THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear OW

I loved "Extermination" (HAUNT 10). "Ear Today, Gone Tomorrow!" was another great story. I have a question: Why can't you order "The Complete Haunt" from Russ Cochran? I know there is one because I have Vol 1 of it! But it's not on the order form. I agree with David C. Dalin and Patty Drummond (HAUNT 9) that you should rerun "Artist of the Issue" features of the 50's.

John Brown

Harriman, TN

Ah, but you CAN order the hardback EC LIBRARY component, "The Complete Haunt!" All five volumes! Spend money! Be popular (with us)! —OW

[To whom it may concern?]

The Vault-Keeper, The Old Witch, and the Crypt-Keeper; I was wondering if these guys are triplets or something like that? I mean, they all have a big mole on their chins.

I think that your HAUNT OF FEAR series is not very good except for that one story "My Uncle Ekar". It's really awesome, especially at the end. By the way I am a real good fan of all three of the hosts. Please don't ever go out of business!! Your Buddy

Derek Steed, 12 years old

Alliance, OH

"Ekar" (HAUNT 10) has many fans, but you're my first fan who doesn't like my book!

The Crypt-Keeper and The Vault-Keeper have moles, I have a beauty mark! —OW

(If we have moles, YOU have a GOPHER!! —CK & VK)

"~~Woooooooooooo~~" —OW

Dear Old Witch,

I loved the story "Grave Business!" in HAUNT 10. I love all of you guys, especially the Crypt-Keeper. Could you ask him if he could send me an autographed copy of CRYPT? I like scary books like GOOSEBUMPS. I like werewolfs, too. I'm nine years old and one of your biggest fans!

Elkor Britz

Wisconsin Rapids, WI

GOOSEBUMPS is a series of scary story books for the youngest set, ain't it? Nah-hah, you thought I'd be too old to be hep, eh? Unlike CK, I read books WITHOUT pictures! —OW

Dear OW,

Great job on HAUNT #10. The front cover of the book was great! I also loved all the stories in the book! On the "Crypt" show I saw "Dig That Cat. He's Real Gone!". I can't wait till that story appears in HAUNT. Another story I liked from one of your books was "Staired. In Horror!". I liked the end of the story when you were sliding down the spiral staircase, after I read that story I tried to slide down my staircase but fell off the balcony! I would love to have HAUNT #1 but I can't find it anywhere!

Martyn Reid

Wardley, ENGLAND

Hoo-hoo! Dig this, Cat, HAUNT #1 is not real gone!

WE'VE got copies, see the details at the end of this column. "Staired" was MY story in VAULT 12. "Dig" will be in HAUNT 21. (PS: After my close encounter with the news! post on that staircase, I'd rather have fallen off the balcony!) —OW

Dear OW,

I have a question for you that I've been meaning to ask for some time now. CK and VK have their own little—shall we say, houses. Why don't you? I mean, if those guys get their own Crypt and Vault, then why can't you have a mausoleum or something? I think you should file a complaint. Get liberated, girl! It's the 90s! Women have rights, too! If it weren't for us hard-workin' women, men wouldn't be here! Take action, honey! Show them that you're not just an Old Witch!

Audrey Sheehan

Now that I'm an employee of Gemstone, I've moved out of the Dumpster and into a Port-o-John. No glass ceiling here! —OW

What is different about the EC comics is they were so imaginative and well thought out. I really enjoy reading them and then a year or so down the road they are fun to read again.

I also wanted to tell you about my "Kids" who really like me to read them the science fiction ECs. "The Kids" are characters I paint and write about for children. [They] are Jerry Giraffe, Little Lambchop, Baby Robby Rabbit and Diannah Dinosaur, and they all live with me, Ranger Gary Michael, in my Magical Park.

Here [is a] picture of them.



Gary Michael Lewis

Santa Rosa, CA

Your color photo of your full color painting may look murky here, sorry! You also included your 1994 Christmas letter featuring a story with The Kids and Ranger Gary, for which we thank you! —OW

Dear OW,

I'd like to compliment you on a job well-done. I've been a subscriber for a couple of years and this is my first letter to you (I am ashamed of myself). So please be gentle, don't be too angry.

I remember the first time I ever picked up THE HAUNT OF FEAR. I was feeling depressed. My hubby was working late, our air conditioner had broken down and it was hot outside, there was nothing good on Cable and I remembered that a friend of mine had given me a comic book. She said you were unusual. So I dug it out of the garbage can and started to read it. I LOVED IT!

So I subscribed. Do you know what makes that night even more memorable? After I read the HAUNT, a thunderstorm with lightning started and the power went off!

Jana Buterbaugh

Columbus, OH

A bolt from the blue enlightened you!

—OW

HEY HORRORHEADS & EC FAN-ADDICTS. HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR, EC's only officially authorized fanzine (still in production) is MOVING. Our new muck mag mailing address is Sam Kingston's HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR, 2648 East Manor Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84121.

Don't miss our latest putrid publication! Issue #4 is available for \$3.00 (\$5.00 foreign) with lots of nauseating nuggets of bile vile for EC junkies!!! #5 will be available in late July and will feature a brand new Johnny Craig cover being designed for HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR! Don't miss this one! Pre-order your copy today!

We also welcome with freshly opened arms your comments, art suggestions, stories and anything you might want to acknowledge regarding your love for the EC horror comics. So drop us a line and/or send for the zine. Take care!! Sam Kingston's HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR, 2648 East Manor Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84121.

Dear Russ,

Firstly, thank you for reprinting ECs!! You're doing the comic world [good by] bringing these hidden treasures to light. I first came across them in a comic shop's EC section. I bought every one they had (mostly RCP and GLAD 64-pagers).

Shortly thereafter I became wise to the 32-pg sequential! I love it! Keep printing them! The Annuals are an ingenious idea.

As far as my favorites. SHOCK, TWO-FISTED and VAULT CRYPT is just too creepy! Your choice to do FRONTLINE was wise, now there will be 2 war, 2 suspense, 2 sci-fi, 3 horror—and no humor! Please try to get PANIC in the lineup. I've already gotten #s 1, 2, 3 & 6 (originals) and seeing them reissued would save me a lot of money and wear-and-tear on mine. You can print my address. I need pen-pals. I'm starved. How about a nice fat delivery boy?!

Christian Duckworth

5015 Westheimer #1504
Houston TX 77056

And maybe I'll send my recipe for curried courier, messenger l'marinade and poached postperson on toast! Bon appetiti!

—OW

Dear Old Witch

The HAUNT OF FEAR #11 was another winner! The stories were mesmerizing and unpredictable. The EC horror titles are some of the best entertainment around. They are the epitome of comic book terror. Any one of these tales could be made into full-length motion pictures, and be

potential Oscar winners. Entertaining Comics, indeed! These tales are so gripping, that even when you read them over and over, they're still as exciting as the first time you read them.

And Old Witch, you're not ugly at all. You're great. At least to a vampire like me you are. What say you and I grab lunch at Chez Dracula some time?

Well, like the Beatles said "Here Comes The Sun," and that means it's time for me to go, otherwise I'll be dehydrated and scorched by that burning sunlight. But before I go, my dear Old Witch, please print the address to my doom-icle, as I like to hear from fans from around the globe. Thanks, Witchy-Witchy!

Tony Martinez, age 17

6041 S California AV
Chicago IL 60629

At Chez Drac, you grab lunch on the run!

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

(You're my favorite.) I've been reading the EC comics since they first appeared in the 50s. My mother would destroy them so to prevent that I would staple covers from 'acceptable' comics over the EC comic. When I was in college, I did a Baccalaureate essay on the discrimination against EC comics during the 1950s.

I own CRYPT, SHOCK, CRIME and PANIC in the hardbound editions. I'm going to complete my collection with the current line of comics you're publishing. These comic books are the greatest thing that has ever been published in the history of comics! They are better than the originals!!! I hope you can do the entire line. Do you think you really can? It would be an honor to have my letter published in your comic 'cause you're the greatest.

Jim Armstrong

Penn Yan NY

Dear People

I want to say hello and that I really like your books. They're certainly better than half the stuff some of the bigger companies put out. Especially better than DC. I mean, how many times will they kill poor Supes off?

George Taylor

Cassatt, SC

Once per 50 years, is my guess—not counting "imaginary stories!"

—OW

Also available this month are the new addition to the EC reprint line, FRONTLINE COMBAT, and CRIME. Watch for CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK next month. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details).

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, \$3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #5, \$1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, \$2 each. Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION! Add \$3 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

We want letters! Write to:
HAUNT
GEMSTONE
POB 468
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

**THIS COMIC REPRINTS
HAUNT OF FEAR #12 (MAR/APR 1982)**

COVER by Graham Ingels

"Poetic Justice!"

"On a Dead Man's Chest!"

"Till Death Do We Part!"

"What's Cookin'?"

Graham Ingels

Johnny Craig

Joe Orlando

Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or return letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.



Enclosed is a drawing that you might like to include on your "Fine Arts" page. It was inspired by Little Freddy in "The Martian Monster" from WEIRD SCIENCE #9

Hans Rickelt

Brattleboro, VT

Wow! Even I had second thoughts about running this Mo, till I read the story in question. Little Freddy was a standup dude, just misinformed! And, to judge from this drawing, a trifle MALFORMED, too! Ah, well, that's the way it goes in THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF...

FINE ARTS #31

Dear Mr Cochran

Your EC "comics" are awful. The artwork is awful and the stories are outrageous and stupid. Any idiot could draw and write better. The only reason I subscribe to all 9 titles is to read the dumb letters pages and for the artwork in the Fine Arts pages.

In protest, I also buy extra copies of each title at the shop and rip them to shreds in front of everyone while announcing "EC Comics are awful and only morons read this trash." However, I save the "Fine Arts" and letters pages. Disgusted.

Ron Silay

North Riverside, IL

We're of two minds on you here, Ron. Ed Anon (the anonymous editor, who puts together the locale & this page) sends a rousing cheer and two huzzahs. We Ghoulunatics were going to lynch you till we realized you PAY FOR the comics before you trash them! But be forewarned; you're walking the fine line! —CK

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit!) to:

**THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S
PAGE OF FINE ARTS
GEMSTONE
POB 453
WEST PLAINS MO 65775**

We welcome contributions. We cannot promise to return artwork or publish contributions. We edit for clarity, accuracy and size. We automatically remove street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication to do so we need your address on the individual contribution.

I have enclosed a poem. I hope you find it "enjoyable." Please print my address

EATING ETIQUETTE

I eat eyeballs bloody.
I've done it all my life
It makes them taste kind of funny
But it keeps them on my knife
And when the blood becomes dry,
I give the bloody knife a little lick
And place the eyeballs back on,
And the blood makes them stick!

Brandon Hendrix

POB 117
Broken Bow, OK

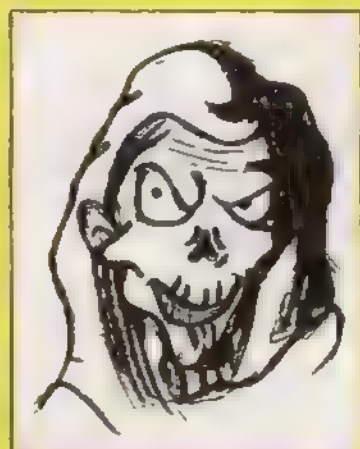
Careful licking that knife, or you'll wind up reading poetry with forked tongue! (Y'know, I'm kinda glad there isn't an ille for this poem!) —CK



Grant Smith, Stamford, CT; after Jack Davis.



Elois Radke (" print my address ") 3225 E Baseline #2061, Gilbert, AZ 85234; after Al Feldstein.



Ramiro J. Roman, Glendale, CA; after H&B.

Although I try to weed out obvious swipes, I enjoyed these three takes on the three versions of me, each has an individual style in rendering. And, the subject is fascinating! —CK

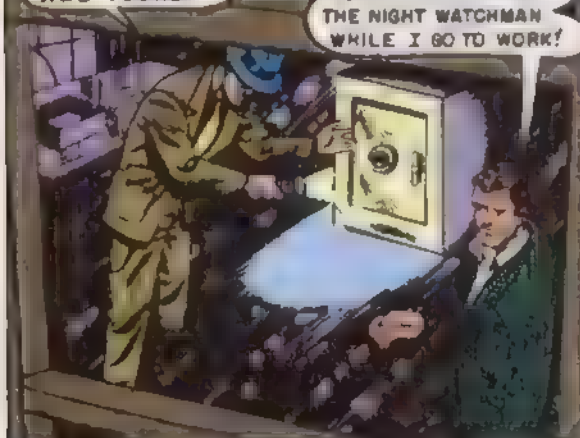
HERE'S A SPIRITED HORROR
YARN! I CALL IT ...
**TILL DEATH
DO WE PART!**



THE YELLOW CIRCLE OF LIGHT SHOT FROM ERNIE'S FLASHLIGHT AND SLAMMED AGAINST THE DARKENED OFFICE! ERNIE GRINNED AT TOMMY...

THERE SHE IS, BOY! SHE'S ALL YOURS!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN FOR THE NIGHT WATCHMAN WHILE I GO TO WORK!



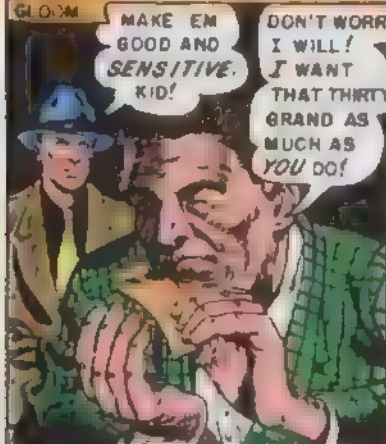
THE ONE CALLED TOMMY TOOK THE FLASHLIGHT FROM THE ONE CALLED ERNIE AND MOVED TOWARD THE SAFE! HE KNELT DOWN BEFORE IT AND OPENED THE SMALL BLACK BAG...

WHAT TIME IS IT, ERNIE?

ELEVEN-THIRTEEN! YOU GOT SEVENTEEN MINUTES! THE WATCHMAN DOESN'T GET HERE TILL HALF-PAST!



TOMMY TOOK A SMALL PIECE OF EMERY CLOTH FROM THE BLACK BAG AND BEGAN TO RUB HIS FINGERTIPS WITH IT! THE SCRATCHY SOUND ECHOED THROUGH THE



MAKE EM GOOD AND SENSITIVE, KID!

DON'T WORRY! I WILL! I WANT THAT THIRTY GRAND AS MUCH AS YOU DO!

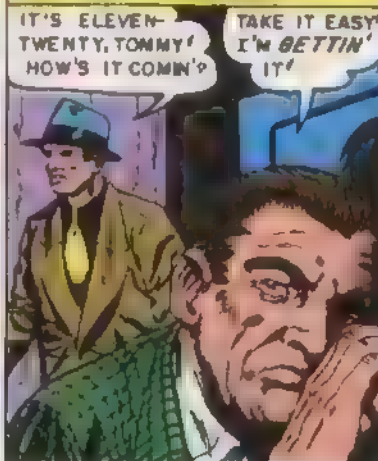
TOMMY EDGED UP CLOSE TO THE SAFE, PRESSING HIS EAR AGAINST IT! HE BEGAN TO TURN THE CALIBRATED KNOB WITH HIS RAW FINGERS...



TOUGH ONE, TOMMY?

NOT BAD! NEEDS AN OILING, SO IT'LL BE EASY!

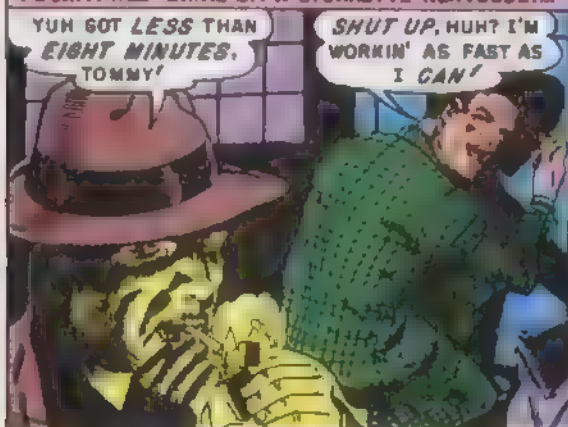
THE OFFICE WAS SILENT EXCEPT FOR THE HEAVY BREATHING OF THE TWO MEN! ERNIE STRAINED HIS EARS... LISTENING...



IT'S ELEVEN-TWENTY, TOMMY! HOW'S IT COMIN'?

TAKE IT EASY! I'M GETTIN' IT!

THE SWEEP-SECOND-HAND ON ERNIE'S WRIST WATCH DANCED SWIFTLY AROUND THE DIAL! ONE MINUTE... TWO... THREE! ERNIE LIT A CIGARETTE NERVOUSLY...



YUH GOT LESS THAN EIGHT MINUTES, TOMMY!

SHUT UP, HUH? I'M WORKIN' AS FAST AS I CAN!

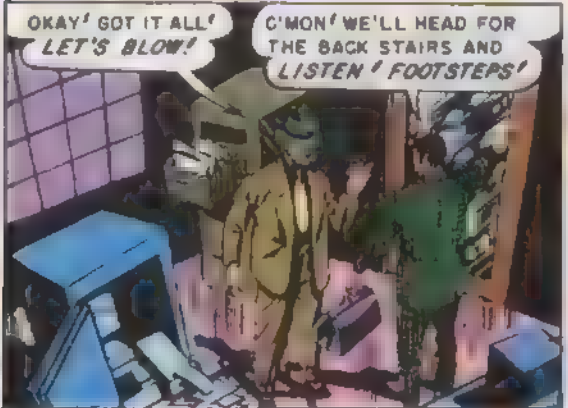
SUDDENLY A SHARP CLICK RESOUNDED THROUGH THE BLACKNESS! TOMMY HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF! HE SWUNG OPEN THE HEAVY THICK DOOR...



THERE YARE, ERNIE!

HURRY! GRAB THE DOUGH WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE YET!

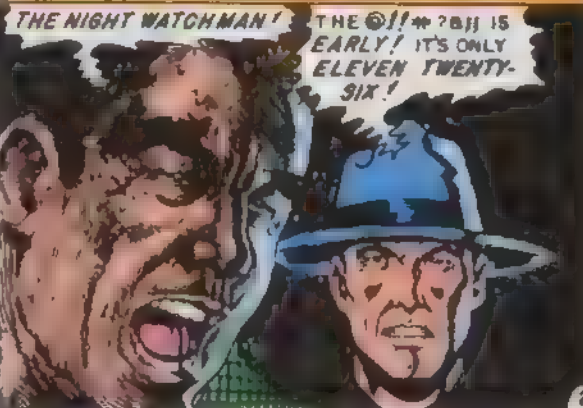
TOMMY BEGAN TO STUFF THE NEATLY BANDED PACKETS OF CRISP GREEN BILLS INTO THE SMALL BLACK BAG! SOON THE SAFE WAS EMPTY AND THE SATCHEL BULGED FULL...



OKAY! GOT IT ALL! LET'S BLOW!

C'MON! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE BACK STAIRS AND LISTEN! FOOTSTEPS!

THE TWO MEN STIFFENED! HEAVY FOOTFALLS APPROACHED OUTSIDE THE OFFICE DOOR! THE BLACK SHADOW OF A MAN IN A PEAKED CAP FELL ACROSS THE DULL GRAY TRANSLUCENT GLASS...



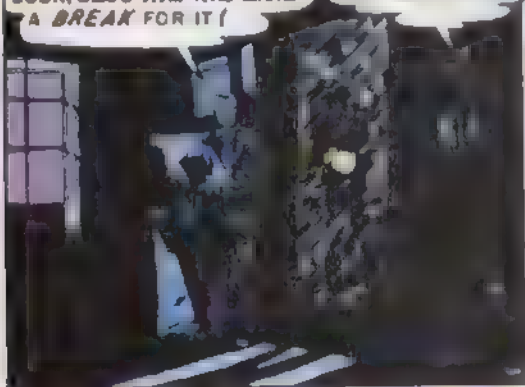
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN!

THE @!!*?@!! IS EARLY! IT'S ONLY ELEVEN TWENTY-SIX!

THE TWO MEN COWERED IN THE DARKNESS AS THE SHADOW LOOMED LARGER AND LARGER...

AS SOON AS HE OPENS THE DOOR, SLUG HIM AND MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

RIGHT! QUIET! HE'S COMING IN!



THE BRASS KNOB TURNED AND THE DOOR SWUNG INWARD! A UNIFORMED WATCHMAN PEERED INTO THE GLOOM! THE OPEN EMPTY SAFE YAWNED AT HIM...

WHAT THE...? WHY, THE SAFE'S BEEN...

GET HIM, ERNIE!



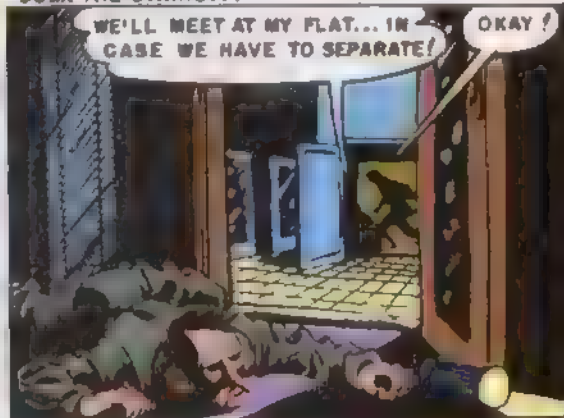
ERNIE BROUGHT THE BLACK-JACK DOWN ON THE WATCHMAN'S HEAD WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, AND THE GRAY-GLAD GUARD CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR



THE TWO MEN DARTED FROM THE OFFICE AND DOWN THE STAIRS...

WE'LL MEET AT MY FLAT... IN CASE WE HAVE TO SEPARATE!

OKAY!



SUDDENLY THE BUILDING WAS FILLED WITH THE EAR-SPLITTING CLANGING OF BELLS...

THE ALARM! SOMEBODY SET OFF THE ALARM!

THE WATCHMAN! YOU DIDN'T HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH!



THE SAFE-ROBBERS HURTLIED DOWN THE REMAINING FLIGHT OF STEPS THREE AT A TIME! THEY BURST THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OUT INTO THE GOLD NIGHT AIR...

LOOK!

A SQUAD CAR!



THE DESERTED STREET WAS FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF RUNNING FEET AND SHOOTING VOICES

THERE THEY GO!

STOP...OR WE SHOOT!

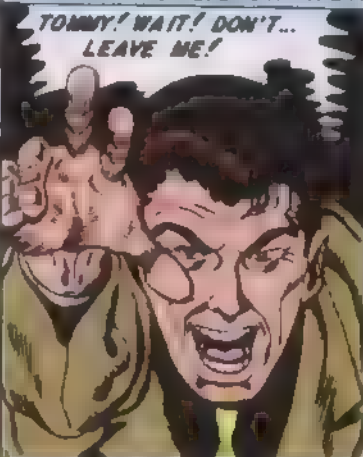


SHOTS RANG OUT! THE EXPLOSIONS ECHOED OFF THE FACES OF THE SILENT BUILDINGS! ERNIE FELT A SEARING PAIN AS A RED-HOT SLUG STRUCK HIM BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES. RIPPING INTO HIS CHEST! HE STUMBLED FORWARD...COLLAPSING ON THE PAVEMENT...



T-T-TOMMY! HELP ME! I'M... HIT!

TOMMY'S HAMMERING FOOTSTEPS FADED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT! ERNIE LAY FACE DOWNWARD IN THE GUTTER. CHOKING OUT A CRY AFTER HIS FLEEING PARTNER.



TOMMY! WAIT! DON'T... LEAVE ME!

SILENCE CLOSED IN! THEN ERNIE HEARD THE CLATTER OF FEET AS THE POLICEMEN CAME UP TO HIM! ONE OF THEM ROLLED ERNIE OVER.



NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THIS GUY! HE'LL BE HERE WHEN WE GET BACK!

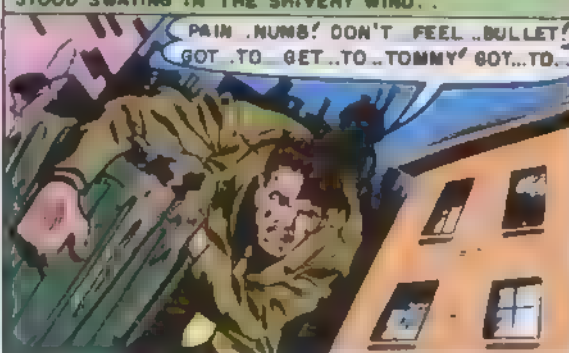
C'MON! LET'S GET THE OTHER ONE!

THE COPS HURRIED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS! WHAT A BREAK! THIS WAS ERNIE'S CHANCE! HE LOOKED UP! AN ASH CAN TOWERED OVER HIM, HEAPED WITH LITTER! ERNIE REACHED UP, CLOSING HIS FINGERS OVER ITS SLIMY RIM



GOT TO...GET...AWAY! GOT TO...GET TO...TOMMY'S...FLAT...

ERNIE USED EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH TO PULL HIMSELF TO HIS FEET! FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, HE HAD THE HORRIBLE FEAR THAT HE COULDN'T MAKE IT! BUT FINALLY...WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT, HE STOOD SWAYING IN THE SHIVERY WIND...



PAIN...NUMB! DON'T FEEL...BULLET! GOT TO...GET TO...TOMMY! BOY...TO...

ERNIE STAGGERED OFF DOWN A DARK ALLEY! RATS SCURRIED AWAY AS HE DRAGGED HIMSELF ALONG! BACK ON THE STREET, HE COULD HEAR THE SOUNDS OF POLICE-WHISTLES, AND NIGHT-STICKS CRACKING ON THE GOLD PAVEMENT



COPS ALL AROUND! TOMMY'LL GET AWAY! HE'S...SMART! HE'LL LOSE... 'EM!

ERNIE STUMBLED DOWN THE ALLEY...FORCED HIMSELF THROUGH A BROKEN FENCE...AND DARTED ACROSS AN OPEN LOT! HE PEERED AROUND A BUILDING...



IF...I...CAN...GET ACROSS...THIS STREET...I'LL...I'LL...BE...OKAY!

NO ONE WAS IN SIGHT! ERNIE DASHED ACROSS THE COBBLE-STONED BUTTER AND INTO ANOTHER ALLEY...

GASP...GASP! EVERY-
THING'S...GONNA...BE...ALL
RIGHT...NOW!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...HALF AN HOUR OF LIMPING THROUGH BACK YARDS, TOTTERING ACROSS VACANT LOTS, AND SCALING HIGH BOARD FENCES...ERNIE FINALLY REACHED THE FLAT...

TOMMY! OPEN UP! IT'S
ME! ERNIE!



ERNIE COULD HEAR SOMEONE MOVING AROUND INSIDE! HE OPENED THE DOOR CAUTIOUSLY...

TOMMY! I KNEW
YOU'D GET AWAY! I
GOT HIT, TOMMY!

HUH?



TOMMY IGNORED ERNIE! HE BRUSHED PAST HIM, CAUGHT HOLD OF THE OPEN DOOR, AND SLAMMED IT SHUT...

TOMMY! AIN'TCHA
GLAD TO SEE ME?

STUPID FOOL! HADDA
GO AN' GET IN THE WAY
OF A SLUG!



ERNIE SHUFFLED TO THE COT AND FELL ACROSS IT...

YUH GOTTA GET ME
A DOCTOR, TOMMY
I'M DYIN'!

WELL, I AIN'T GONNA
HANG AROUND HERE!
I'M GONNA HEAD FOR
THE BORDER!



TOMMY HURRIEDLY BEGAN TO PACK A BAG! HE PICKED UP THE SMALL BLACK BACHEL FILLED WITH THE STOLEN BILLS AND STUFFED IT INTO THE SUITCASE...

TOMMY! YOU AIN'T
GONNA RUN OUT ON
ME, ARE YOU?

NOT ME! I'M NOT
GONNA GET CAUGHT!



TOMMY FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT! ERNIE BEGAN TO SOB! HE REACHED OUT A SHAKING HAND...PLEADING...

TOMMY! WAIT! DON'T
LEAVE ME! DON'T RUN OUT
ON ME! GET ME A DOC-
TOR...PLEASE!

THIRTY GRAND!
THAT AIN'T BAD!
NOT BAD AT
ALL!



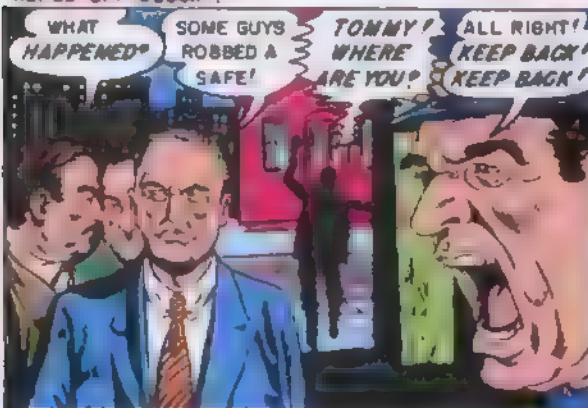
TOMMY LOOKED BACK... HESITATED A MOMENT... THEN LEFT! ERNIE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET SCREAMING AFTER HIM...



WHEN ERNIE REACHED THE STREET, TOMMY WAS NOWHERE IN SIGHT! ERNIE STUMBLED ALONG... CALLING HIM! PEOPLE PASSING ERNIE SEEMED NOT TO NOTICE THE HYSTERICAL FUGITIVE...



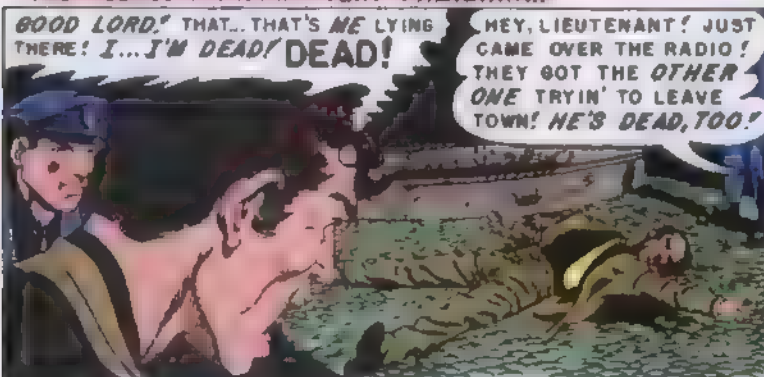
ERNIE CONTINUED GOING, STRUGGLING TO KEEP ON HIS FEET. WANDERING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE SLEEPING CITY! A POLICEMAN, HOLDING BACK A SMALL CROWD OF CURIOUS ONLOOKERS, DID NOT SEE HIM PASS DOWN THE ROPE-OFF BLOCK.



ERNIE APPROACHED THE GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS AND DETECTIVES GATHERED ON THE SIDEWALK OF THE ROPE-OFF BLOCK...



THE POLICE OFFICERS DID NOT NOTICE ERNIE... DID NOT HEAR HIM PLEADING FOR HELP! THEIR ATTENTIONS WERE FOCUSED ON THE PROSTRATE FORM OF A MAN LYING IN A POOL OF BLOOD ON THE GOLD SIDEWALK! ERNIE LOOKED DOWN AT THE CORPSE! ITS WIDE GLAZED STARING EYES LOOKED BACK AT ERNIE! THE MAN'S FACE SEEMED FAMILIAR! VERY FAMILIAR...



HEE, HEE! WELL, ERNIE... NO WONDER TOMMY DIDN'T HEAR YOU! YOU DIDN'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE OF HIM HEARING YOU! BUT, DON'T LOSE SPIRIT! HE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR YOU NOW! OH, BY THE WAY! THE COPS FOUND SOMETHING STRANGE ON ERNIE'S CORPSE! HEE, HEE! HIS WATCH! IT WAS FOUR MINUTES SLOW! LED TO HIS WIND-UP, EH? AND IF YOU'D LIKE TO WIND-UP BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL, THAT IS... JUST SEND FOR MY BACK ISSUES! READ MY CORNER... THE OLD WITON'S NICHE, FOR THE INFO ON GETTING 'EM



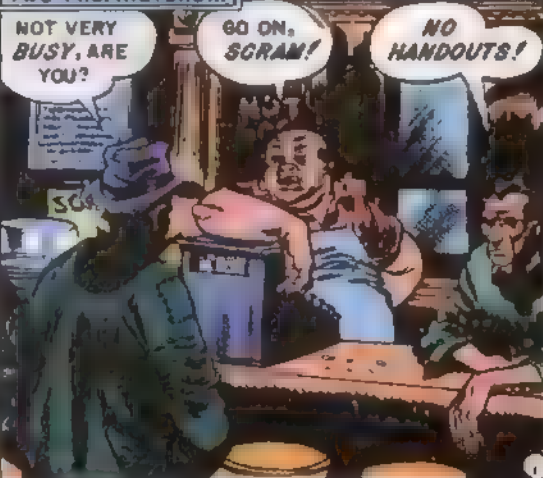
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! I SEE BY YOUR DROOLING FACES THAT YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER TERROR-TALE FROM MY COLLECTION HERE IN THE CRYPT! WELL, THIS ONE OUGHT TO SATISFY YOUR APPETITE! YES, IT'S ME... THE CRYPT-KEEPER, YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR! COME IN! I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU A YARN GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END AND YOUR BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR... AW, YOU KNOW THE OLD OIL 'OIL' THAT REMINDS ME OF DEEP-FAT-FRYING... WHICH IS WHAT OUR STORY CONCERNS ITSELF WITH! THAT AND BARBECUING! I CALL THIS DELICIOUS DELIRIUM DELVING...

WHAT'S COOKIN'?



THE SHABBILY-DRESSED MAN PLODS UP TO THE ROADSIDE EATING-PLACE, PUSHES OPEN THE RICKETY SCREEN DOOR, LETS IT SLAM RESOUNDINGLY BEHIND HIM, AND LOOKS AROUND! HIS GAZE SHIFTS...FROM THE EMPTY TABLES AND CHAIRS TO THE SAWDUST-COVERED FLOOR...TO THE COUNTER WITH ITS LINE OF EMPTY STOOLS...TO THE GLARING FACES OF THE FOOD-STAND'S TWO PROPRIETORS...



NOT VERY BUSY, ARE YOU?

GO ON, SCRAM!

NO HANDOUTS!



THE ONE WITH THE TATTERED CLOTHES SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SMILES AT THE TWO BEHIND THE COUNTER...

YOU ARE **WRONG**, GENTLEMEN! I AM NOT THE ONE WHO IS LOOKING FOR A **HANDOUT**! YOU ARE! THIS PLACE IS A **FAILURE**. ISN'T IT?

NONE OF YER **BUSINESS**!

YOU WANT ~~SOMETHING~~ TO EAT... OR DON'T YOU?

NOT RIGHT NOW! **FIRST**, LET ME **FINISH**! IN THE **THREE WEEKS** SINCE YOU FOOLISHLY PURCHASED THIS... THIS **SO-CALLED ROAD-SIDE RESTAURANT** FROM ITS LAST OWNER, YOU HAVE HAD A TOTAL OF **SIXTY-TWO CUSTOMERS**! **HARDLY** ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU IN **BUSINESS**! IN FACT, I WOULD SAY **TWO MORE MONTHS** OF THAT KIND OF BUSINESS... AN AVERAGE OF **THREE MEALS** SOLD A DAY... WILL **BUST YOU**!

YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN OUT THERE **COUNTIN'** OUR **CUSTOMERS** FOR **THREE WEEKS**?

EXACTLY! I **ALSO** COUNTED THE NUMBER OF **CARS** THAT PASSED ON THE **HIGHWAY** OUTSIDE IN THE SAME PERIOD! KNOW HOW MANY? **TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND!** **EVER NINE HUNDRED** A DAY! ABOUT **TWO CARS** EACH **MINUTE**!

WOW! THAT **WANTS**!

YES! IF YOU COULD **STOP**, SAY, **ONE OUT OF TEN** OF THOSE CARS, YOU'D SERVE A **HUNDRED MEALS** A DAY OR MORE! THINK WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN!

A **HUNDRED!** BOY! THAT'D BE **SOMETHING**!

YEAH, SMART GUY! HOW YOU GONNA **STOP 'IM**?

THAT... GENTLEMEN... IS MY SECRET! AND MY OFFER IS **VERY SIMPLE**! I'LL WORK FOR NOTHING UNTIL THIS PLACE SHOWS A **PROFIT**!

FOR **NUTHIN'?**

WELL... FOR MY **MEALS**! I'LL SLEEP IN THE **BACK**! BUT... AFTER I SHAPE THE PLACE, INSTALL MY **OWN METHODS** AND **IDEAS**, AND THE BUSINESS BEGINS TO SHOW A **PROFIT** INSTEAD OF A **LOSS**... THEN I GET **FIFTY PERCENT!** **HALF THE PROFITS**... THOSE'RE MY **TERMS**!

THE **HUGE FAT ONE** LOOKS AT THE **SMALL SKINNY ONE**! THEY'VE SUNK THEIR LIVES' SAVINGS INTO THIS PLACE! THEIR SITUATION IS **DESPERATE**! THEY'VE **LOST STEADILY**! THEIR **BANK ACCOUNT** IS ALMOST **GONE**! ANY OFFER... ANY WAY TO **SHOW A PROFIT**... SOUNDS **GOOD** TO THEM...

WHAT DO YOU SAY, **HERMAN**?

HALF OF A PROFIT IS BETTER THAN **NO PROFIT AT ALL**, CHARLIE! LET'S GIVE 'IM A **CHANCE**!

THEN IT'S A **DEAL**?

SOUP



OKAY, STRANGER...
IT'S A DEAL!
YOU MAKE THIS
PLACE PAY AND
YOU CAN HAVE
HALF THE
PROFITS!

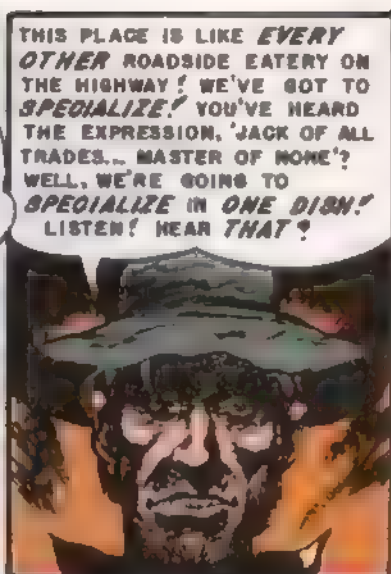
GOOD! THEN
WE MIGHT
AS WELL GET
ACQUAINTED!
MY NAME'S
**ERIC
EDWARDS!**



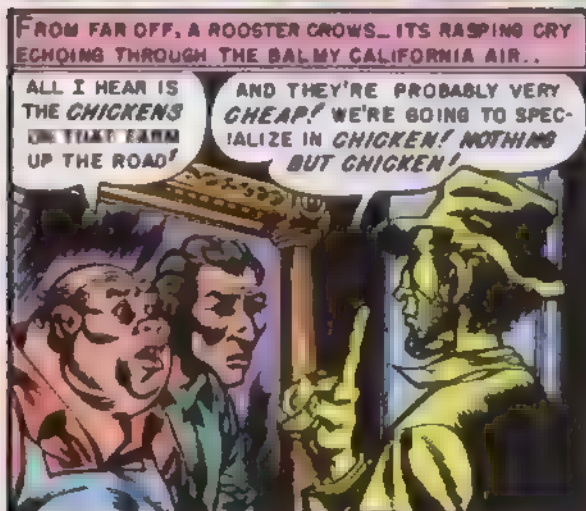
A THICK-LIPPED GRIN SPREADS
OVER THE FAT ONE'S JOWLY
FACE...

I'M HERMAN DITTER!
THIS IS CHARLIE
MARSH!

GLAD TO
KNOW YOU,
HERMAN...
CHARLIE!
HOW WENT
MY PLAN?



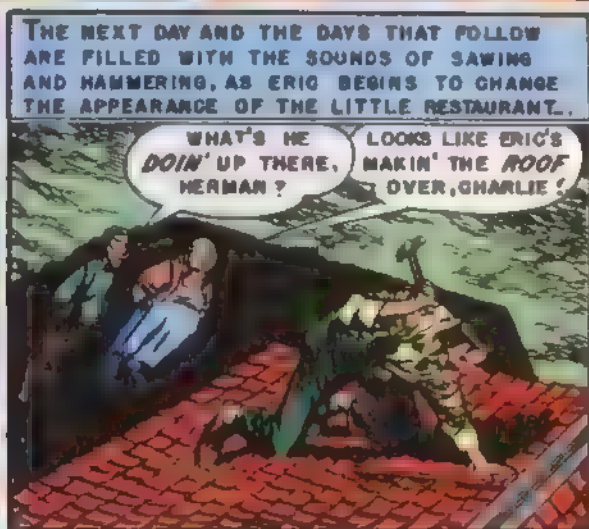
THIS PLACE IS LIKE *EVERY
OTHER* ROADSIDE EATERY ON
THE HIGHWAY! WE'VE GOT TO
SPECIALIZE! YOU'VE HEARD
THE EXPRESSION, 'JACK OF ALL
TRADES... MASTER OF NONE'?
WELL, WE'RE GOING TO
SPECIALIZE IN ONE DISH!
LISTEN! HEAR *THAT!*



FROM FAR OFF, A ROOSTER CROWS... ITS RASPING CRY
ECHOING THROUGH THE BALMY CALIFORNIA AIR...

ALL I HEAR IS
THE *CHICKENS*
ON THAT FARM
UP THE ROAD!

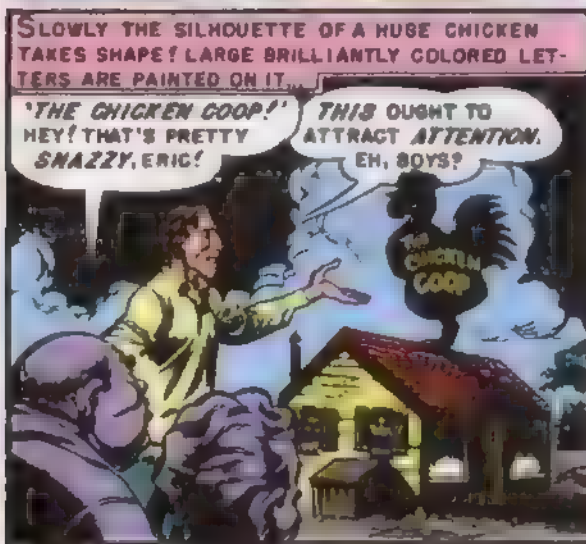
AND THEY'RE PROBABLY VERY
CHEAP! WE'RE GOING TO SPEC-
IALIZE IN *CHICKEN!* NOTHING
BUT *CHICKEN!*



THE NEXT DAY AND THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW
ARE FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF SAWING
AND HAMMERING, AS ERIC BEGINS TO CHANGE
THE APPEARANCE OF THE LITTLE RESTAURANT...

WHAT'S HE
DOIN' UP THERE,
HERMAN?

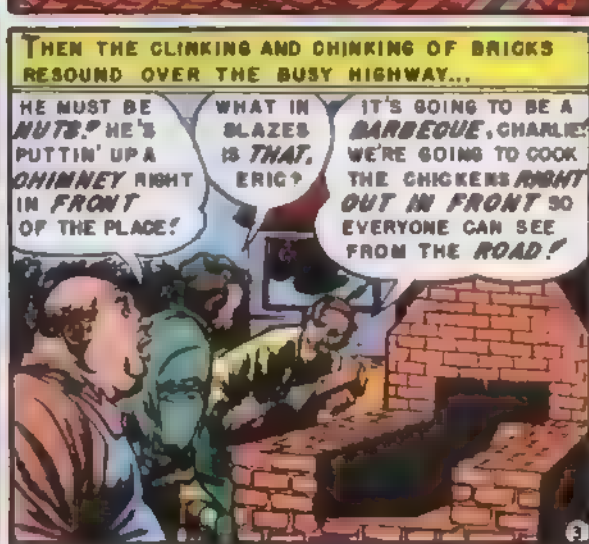
LOOKS LIKE ERIC'S
MAKIN' THE *ROOF*
OVER, CHARLIE!



SLOWLY THE SILHOUETTE OF A HUGE CHICKEN
TAKES SHAPE! LARGE BRILLIANTLY COLORED LET-
TERS ARE PAINTED ON IT...

'*THE CHICKEN COOP!*'
HEY! THAT'S PRETTY
SHAZZY, ERIC!

THIS OUGHT TO
ATTRACT *ATTENTION*.
EH, BOYS?



THEN THE CLINKING AND CHINKING OF BRICKS
RESOUND OVER THE BUSY HIGHWAY...

HE MUST BE
NUTS! HE'S
PUTTIN' UP A
CHIMNEY RIGHT
IN *FRONT*
OF THE PLACE!

WHAT IN
BLAZES
IS *THAT*,
ERIC?

IT'S GOING TO BE A
BARBECUE, CHARLIE!
WE'RE GOING TO COOK
THE *CHICKENS* RIGHT
OUT IN *FRONT* SO
EVERYONE CAN SEE
FROM THE ROAD!

SOON, A TINY CURL OF SMOKE RISES FROM THE BARBECUE! THE SUCCULENT, MOUTH-WATERING ODOR OF BROILING CHICKENS WAFTS TOWARD THE BUSY HIGHWAY...

MMM! THAT SMELLS GOOD! LOOK! BARBECUED CHICKEN! LET'S STOP AND EAT HERE, SAM!



OKAY, FLO! YEAH! HOW 'BOUT IT, KIDS? HUNGRY? YIPPEE!

SO HIGHWAY TRAVELERS BEGIN TO STOP AT 'THE CHICKEN OOP!' THEY CROWD THE TABLES THAT HAVE BEEN MOVED OUTSIDE, WATCHING THEIR ORDERS TURN ON THE SPIT BEFORE THE RED-HOT COALS...

THIS SURE IS NICE, EH, BELLA? SOME IDEA? YUM! I'M STARVED! DELICIOUS!



'THE CHICKEN OOP' BEGINS TO THRIVE, AS MORE AND MORE CUSTOMERS JAM THE NOVEL ESTABLISHMENT...

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE DONE WONDERS, ERIC!



WE'LL HAVE TO BUY SOME MORE TABLES TO ACCOMMODATE THE FLOOD OF CUSTOMERS!

AN ADJACENT TRACT OF LAND BORDERING THE HIGHWAY IS LEASED AND CLEARED...

THIS WILL MAKE ROOM FOR MORE CARS AND THE DEEP-FAT-FRYER!



DEEP-FAT-FRYER? WHAT'S THAT FOR?

SOUTHERN-STYLE FRIED CHICKEN! IT WILL BE A GOOD ADDITION TO THE BARBECUED FOWL!



YOU SURE ARE A SHREWD BUSINESS MAN, ERIC!

A LARGE SHINY COPPER CAULDRON IS BROUGHT IN AND SOUTHERN-STYLE, DEEP-FAT-FRIED CHICKEN IS ADDED TO THE MENU...

MMM! GOOD! THIYUS IS BETTUM THAYUM THEY MAYUK IT WAY BANYUK HOME IN JO- JA, SUN!



WHY, THANK YOU, MA'AM!

THE FAME OF 'THE CHICKEN OOP' BEGINS TO SPREAD...

MY HUSBAND AND I DROVE THIRTY MILES TO TRY YOUR BARBECUED CHICKEN!



REALLY? THAT IS MOST GRATIFYING, MA'AM!

THE SUCCESS OF 'THE CHICKEN GOOP', WITH ITS OUTDOOR BARBECUE AND DEEP-FAT FRYER, IS UNBELIEVABLE! IN ONE YEAR, THE TINY FOOD-STAND GROWS TO A HUGE ROADSIDE EMPORIUM WITH A HUNDRED CAR PARKING SPOTS AND SEATS FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE...

CHARLIE! HERMAN! I THINK IT'S TIME TO BUILD A NEW 'CHICKEN GOOP'! I HAVE VISIONS OF SOMETHING BIG... SOMETHING STUPENDOUS! WE'LL BUILD A GIGANTIC BARBECUE CAPABLE OF BROILING FIFTY CHICKENS AT ONE TIME!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, ERIC!

CONSTRUCTION ON 'THE NEW CHICKEN GOOP' IS BEGUN! A BEAUTIFUL MODERNISTIC RESTAURANT RISES BESIDE ITS PREDECESSOR! THE BARBECUE IS TREMENDOUS...

EACH ONE OF THESE FOUR SPITS IS TWELVE FEET LONG! WE'LL CATCH THE FAT DRIPPINGS FROM THE BROILING CHICKENS IN THAT CATCH-PAN THERE, AND USE THE STUFF IN THE DEEP-FAT-FRYER!

SAY.. THERE'S AN ECONOMICAL IDEA, EH, HERMAN?

THE DEEP-FAT-FRYER IS A HUGE CAULDRON OVER SIX FEET IN DIAMETER AND TWO FEET DEEP.

WE CAN DEEP-FAT-FRY FIFTY CHICKENS AT ONE TIME IN THIS THING!

WE CERTAINLY HAVE COME A LONG WAY, EH, CHARLIE?

WHEN 'THE NEW CHICKEN GOOP' IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC, IT IS AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS! EVEN WITH ITS HUGE CAPACITY, PEOPLE HAVE TO WAIT ON LINE FOR TABLES.

BOY! LOOK AT THAT BARBECUE!

AND LOOK AT THAT CAULDRON! MMM! SMELLS GOOD, EH?

FORTUNE SMILES UPON THE THREE RESTAURATEURS! THE PROFITS POUR IN! AND WITH MOUNTING PROFITS COMES MOUNTING GREED...

LOOK AT THESE BOOKS, HERMAN! WE NETTED TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS LAST WEEK!

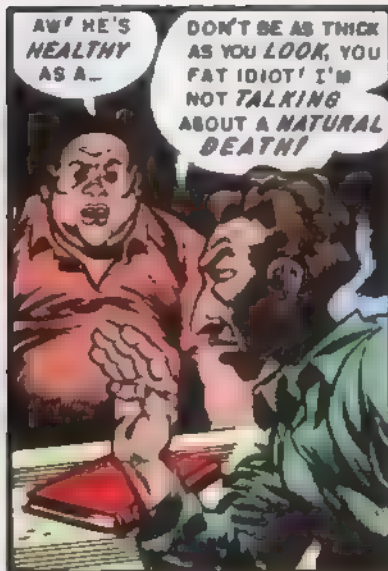
THAT MEANS FIVE HUNDRED A PIECE FOR YOU AND ME...

AND ONE THOUSAND FOR ERIC!

QUITE A LARGE CHUNK FOR HIM.. EH, HERMAN? IF...IF HE WASN'T AROUND, WE COULD SPLIT IT FIFTY-FIFTY! NOT FIVE HUNDRED... BUT ONE GRAND FOR EACH OF US!

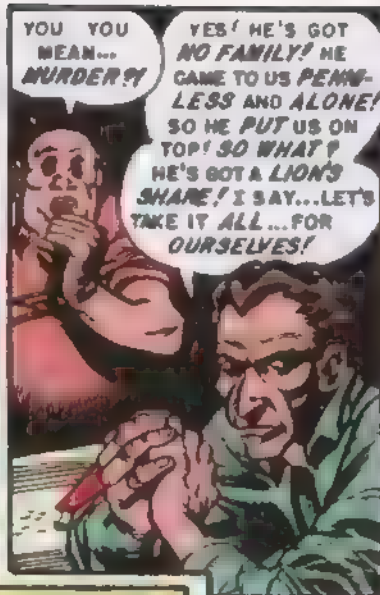
AW, BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? WE HAVE THAT AGREEMENT WE MADE BACK WHEN WE WERE NUTHIN'!

IF IF ERIC WERE TO... DIE, WE COULD... FORGET THE AGREEMENT!



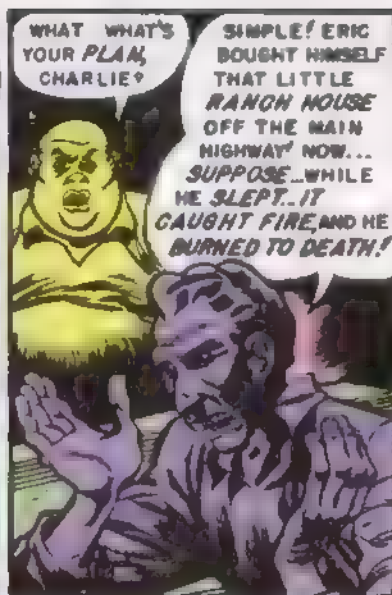
AW! HE'S
HEALTHY
AS A—

DON'T BE AS THICK
AS YOU LOOK, YOU
FAT IDIOT! I'M
NOT TALKING
ABOUT A NATURAL
DEATH!



YOU YOU
MEAN...
MURDER??

YES! HE'S GOT
NO FAMILY! HE
CAME TO US PENN-
LESS AND ALONE!
SO HE PUT US ON
TOP! SO WHAT?
HE'S GOT A LION'S
SHARE! I SAY...LET'S
TAKE IT ALL...FOR
OURSELVES!



WHAT WHAT'S
YOUR PLAN,
CHARLIE?

SIMPLE! ERIC
BOUGHT HIMSELF
THAT LITTLE
RANCH HOUSE
OFF THE MAIN
HIGHWAY! NOW...
SUPPOSE...WHILE
HE SLEPT...IT
CAUGHT FIRE, AND HE
BURNED TO DEATH!

THAT NIGHT, ERIC IS AWAKENED BY A SOUND IN HIS ROOM! HE SITS UP, STARING INTO THE DARKNESS—



WHO WHO'S
THERE?

IT'S ME, ERIC! HERMAN!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!

DESPITE HIS LUMBERING HULK, HERMAN IS UPON ERIC IN A FLASH! CHARLIE MOVES OUT OF THE SHADOWS WITH THE COIL OF ROPE...

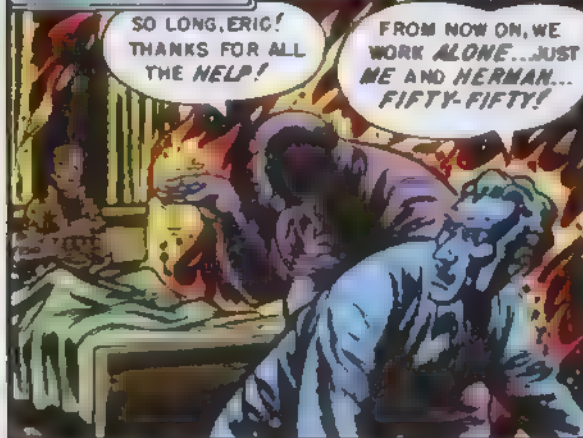


STICK THE BAG
IN HIS MOUTH!

YEAH!

CHOKE

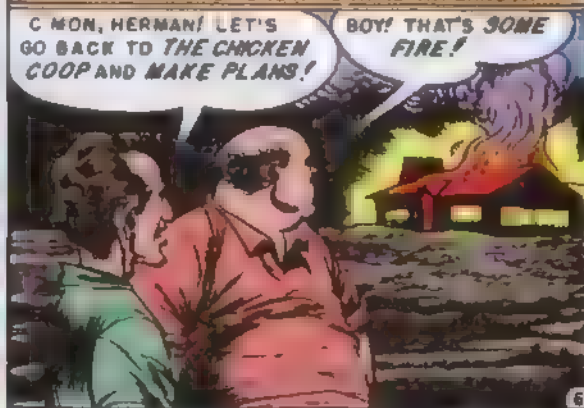
THE FAT ONE AND THE SKINNY ONE WORK SWIFTLY! SOON ERIC IS SECURELY TIED TO THE BED AND THE ROOM IS IN FLAMES...



SO LONG, ERIC!
THANKS FOR ALL
THE HELP!

FROM NOW ON, WE
WORK ALONE...JUST
ME AND HERMAN...
FIFTY-FIFTY!

AS THE TWO MEN WATCH FROM A VANTAGE POINT FAR DOWN ERIC'S PRIVATE ROAD, HOT SEARING TONGUES OF FIRE LEAP UPWARD OUT OF THE WINDOWS! SOON ERIC'S NICE NEW HOME IS A ROARING INFERNO...



C MON, HERMAN! LET'S
GO BACK TO THE CHICKEN
COOP AND MAKE PLANS!

BOY! THAT'S SOME
FIRE!

BUT AS THE FAT ONE AND THE THIN ONE DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT, A BLACKENED AND CHARRED FIGURE CRAWLS PAINFULLY FROM THE FLAMING HOUSE, HOWLING LIKE A DOG THAT HAS JUST BEEN STRUCK BY A CAR...



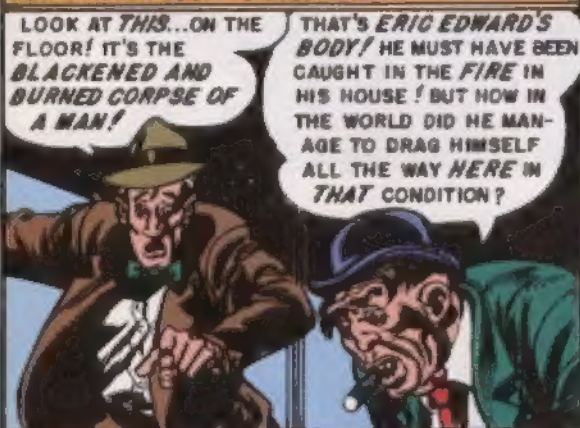
THE ODOR OF BURNED FLESH FILLS THE NIGHT AS THE SCORCHED FIGURE DRAGS ITSELF ALONG... ITS BLOOD-CURLING SCREAMS OF AGONY ECHOING INTO THE DARKNESS...



IN THEIR OFFICE IN "THE NEW CHICKEN COOP," HERMAN AND CHARLES DRINK A TOAST TO THEIR FUTURE! BUT SUDDENLY THEIR GRINS FREEZE ON THEIR FACES AS THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN...



IN THE MORNING, THE POLICE... INVESTIGATING THE BURNING OF ERIC'S NICE NEW HOUSE... STOP BY 'THE NEW CHICKEN COOP' TO INQUIRE...



THEN ONE POLICEMAN'S GAZE FALLS UPON THE GIGANTIC BARBECUE...



HERMAN DITTER'S SIZZLING BODY HANGS FROM THE TOPMOST SPIT BEFORE THE NOW GLOWING EMBERS! THE FAT, RENDERED FROM HIS ONCE OBESE BODY, BUBBLES AND GURGLES IN THE IMMENSE CAULDRON! BOBBING IN THE BOILING GREASE IS THE BROWNED, SEARED REMAINS OF CHARLIE MARSH...



HEH, HEH! AND NOW MY TALE IS DONE, KIDDIES! WELL DONE! I HOPE IT'S LEFT YOU WITH A RAVISHING APPETITE! WHAT? NOT HUNGRY? OH, THAT'S A SHAME! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO JOIN ME... AT 'THE CHICKEN COOP'! WHERE IS IT? WHY NEXT TIME YOU GO OUT DRIVING, LOOK FOR IT! THEY HAVE THE MOST DELICIOUS BROILED FOOD... OR DO YOU LIKE YOURS SOUTHERN-FRIED? WELL, THAT WINDS UP THE OLD HAG'S MAG! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MINE... TALES FROM THE GRYPT! 'BYE, NOW!



YOU SAY YOU
DON'T GET OUT MUCH?



LET ME BRING YOU UP TO DATE! THE 32-PG FACSIMILE REPRINTS OF THE **EC COMICS** OF THE 50s IS PROCEEDING APACE! GET UP TO SPEED! NEW TO THE LINE IS **FRONTLINE COMBAT** (IT REPLACES **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION**, WHICH IS STILL AVAILABLE AS BACK ISSUES. SEE THE INFO AT THE END OF THE LETTER COLUMN IN THIS COM-IC!). SO, WHAT ARE YOU SITTING THERE FOR?!

SUBSCRIBE!

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 7.25% SALES TAX (SAN DIEGO COUNTY 7%)

ALL SUBS START WITH "NEXT" ISSUE

MARYLAND RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX

DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER TO YOU, IN
A HANDSOME, STURDY MANILA ENVELOPE
MAILED FLAT TO YOUR OWN MAILBOX!

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING

POB 469

WEST PLAINS MO 65775

417-256-2224

OR CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK
FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS
NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE
FOLLOWING **EC COMICS**:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|--|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CRYPT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD SCIENCE | <input type="checkbox"/> SHOCK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VAULT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> TWO-FISTED |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HAUNT | <input type="checkbox"/> FRONTLINE | <input type="checkbox"/> CRIME |

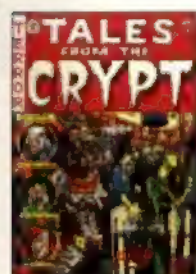
NAME & ADDRESS:

REMIT \$8 EACH (\$12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)

YET MORE EC COMICS!!

FOR APPROXIMATELY A YEAR, GLADSTONE PUBLISHED A LINE OF **EC** REPRINT COMICS CONSISTING OF THE TITLES SHOWN BELOW. EACH ISSUE CONTAINED 64 PAGES IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR, THE FIRST 32 FROM THE 'KEY' TITLE AND THE LAST 32 FROM A SECOND TITLE. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE OCCASIONAL ARTICLES ABOUT THE MACABRE IN LITERATURE, A THEN-CURRENT LETTER COLUMN AND OTHER READER-WRITTEN FEATURES.

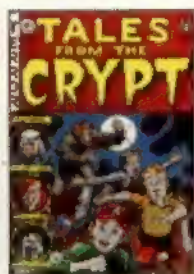
RUSS COCHRAN NOW HAS THE ENTIRE BACKSTOCK OF GLADSTONE'S EC REPRINT LINE! **EVERY ISSUE** IS IN STOCK AND AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. COMPLETE YOUR **EC** COLLECTION BY PURCHASING THESE COMICS!



GLAD CRYPT #1



GLAD CRYPT #2



GLAD CRYPT #3



GLAD CRYPT #4



GLAD CRYPT #5



GLAD CRYPT #6



GLAD VAULT #1



GLAD VAULT #2



GLAD VAULT #3



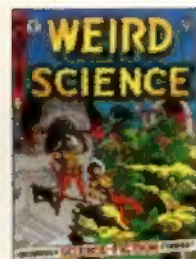
GLAD VAULT #4



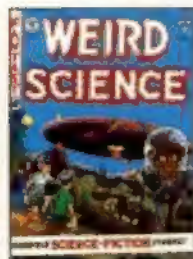
GLAD VAULT #5



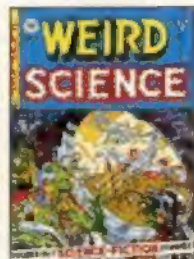
GLAD VAULT #6



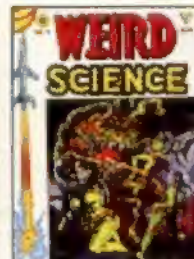
GLAD WEIRD #1



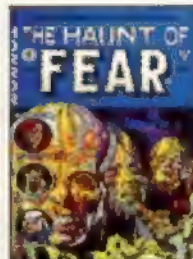
GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



GLAD HAUNT #1



GLAD HAUNT #2

CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT

#1: CRYPT 33 (1952)
CRIME 17 (1953)

#2: CRYPT 35 (1953)
CRIME 18 (1951)

#3: CRYPT 39 (1953)
CRIME 1 (1950)

#4: CRYPT 18 (1950)
CRIME 18 (1953)

#5: CRYPT 45 (1954)
CRIME 5 (1951)

#6: CRYPT 42 (1954)
CRIME 27 (1955)

GLAD VAULT

#1: VAULT 34 (1953)
HAUNT 1 (1950)

#2: VAULT 27 (1952)
HAUNT 18 (1953)

#3: HAUNT 22 (1953)
VAULT 13 (1950)

#4: VAULT 23 (1952)
HAUNT 13 (1952)

#5: VAULT 19 (1951)
W FAN 8 (1951)

#6: VAULT 32 (1953)
W FAN 6 (1951)

GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE

#1: W SCI 22 (1953)
W FAN 1 (1950)

#2: W SCI 18 (1953)
W FAN 17 (1950)

#3: W SCI 9 (1951)
W FAN 14 (1950)

#4: W S-F 27 (1955)
W FAN 11 (1952)

GLAD HAUNT

#1: HAUNT 17 (1952)
W S-F 28 (1955)

#2: HAUNT 5 (1950)
W S-F 29 (1955)

WHEN ORDERING, PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **GLAD TITLE ISSUE #**: FOR EXAMPLE "GLAD CRYPT #1." GLAD CRYPT #1 IS \$5; GLAD CRYPT #4, GLAD WEIRD #1 AND #4 ARE \$4 EACH; ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE \$3 EACH. INCLUDE \$5 PER ORDER FOR S&H (\$10 OUTSIDE US).

US FUNDS ONLY

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

(formerly RUSS COCHRAN PUBLISHER)

417-256-2224 OR CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

MISSOURI RESIDENTS ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

MARYLAND RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 7.25% SALES TAX (SAN DIEGO COUNTY 7%)

EXCLUSIVE

TO READERS OF THIS COMIC!



THESE TWO DESIGNS HAVE BEEN CREATED ESPECIALLY FOR, AND EXCLUSIVELY FOR YOU! THEY SHOW HBO's CRYPT-KEEPER ENJOYING EITHER **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** #7 (BLUE COVER) OR #8 (RED COVER.) EACH DESIGN IS AVAILABLE ON A BLACK OR WHITE 100% COTTON SHIRT.

SPECIFY YOUR CHOICE OF DESIGN AND SIZE (LARGE OR X-LARGE).

CHOOSE FROM: RED COVER ON BLACK SHIRT, \$15.

BLUE COVER ON BLACK SHIRT, \$15.

RED COVER ON WHITE SHIRT, \$14.

BLUE COVER ON WHITE SHIRT, \$14.

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED, SO ORDER SOON. ADD \$5 SHIPPING AND HANDLING IN THE US. PLEASE CALL FOR SHIPPING CHARGES OUTSIDE THE US.

US FUNDS ONLY

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

(formerly RUSS COCHRAN PUBLISHER)

417-256-2224 OR CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

MISSOURI RESIDENTS ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

MARYLAND RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 7.25% SALES TAX (SAN DIEGO COUNTY 7%)